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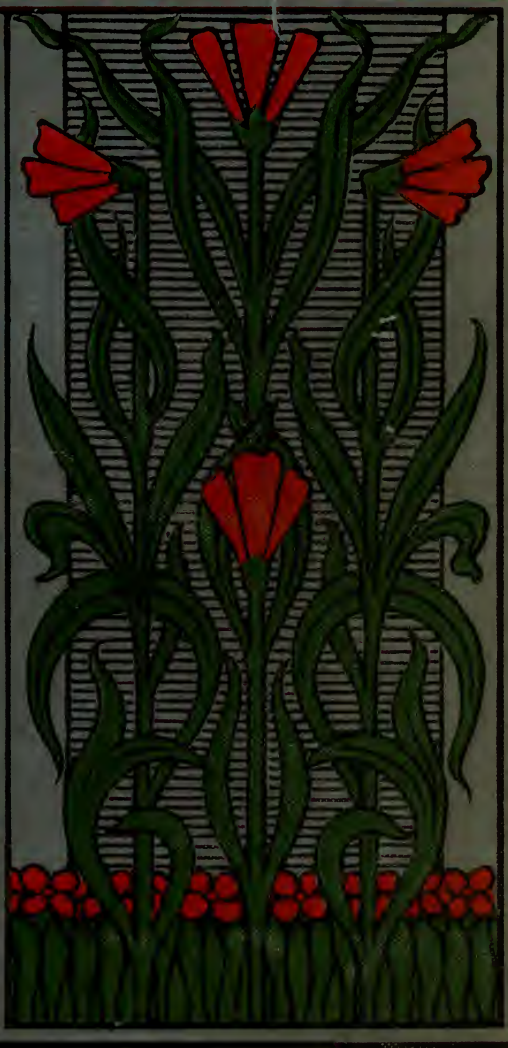

IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE

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BIBLE STORIES.

RETOLD IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE.

By HARRIET T. COMSTOCK.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

NEW YORK:
A. L. BURT, PUBLISHER.

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BIBLE STORIES.

BY HARRIET T. COMSTOCK.

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BIBLE STORIES.

THE STO-RY OF AD-AM.

When God had made the world, and all the love-ly things that are in it, he made a man and wo-man and called them Ad-am and Eve. He gave them a fair gar-den to live in. I think he chose it from the best that he had made. He put birds in the gar-den and sweet flow-ers and tall trees, and all was giv-en to Ad-am and Eve for their own to love and en-joy: only one thing did God ask of them not to do. He asked them not to eat of the fruit of one tree. All the oth-ers were theirs; but that one tree God did not want them to touch, be-cause He knew best. It was such a lit-tle thing to ask, and at first Ad-am and Eve meant to do it; they were so hap-py, they were nev-er sick, nev-er tired, and there was noth-ing to make them sad. But one day a thought came to Eve like an e-vil spir-it, it crept in-to her mind; day af-ter day she thought it was strange that in their own gar-den there should be an-y-thing which she could not touch and eat if she chose. At last the fruit on all the oth-er trees seemed to have no taste or beau-ty; but the fruit on the one tree which she knew she ought not to touch be-came so fair in her eyes that at last she said that she would taste it; per-haps she meant at first on-ly to take a ver-y lit-tle but in the end she and Ad-am

ate all the fruit they want-ed from the tree be-fore they knew the great wrong they were do-ing.

But God saw them, and His heart must have been sad

Eve oft-en told the chil-dren of the dear first home in the fair gar-den.

to think af-ter all that He had done for them, they had not loved him e-nough to o-bey Him and trust Him.

He knew that He must show them how wrong-ly they had done, so He sent them out of the fair gar-den in-to the new world where they would have to make their own lives,

and work for what they want-ed. But be-fore they went He told them that if they were good and brave and tried to lead bet-ter lives in the end He would give them great-er joy and that their chil-dren would en-joy ma-ny things which Ad-am and Eve might nev-er have for them-selves.

How sad they must have been to leave that home so safe and love-ly! How lone-ly they must have been when they went out in-to the great emp-ty world and knew that un-less they worked they would sure-ly die!

They had no home now: they must learn to help themselves and trust God, who, e-ven when they had been so wick-ed, had loved them well e-nough to prom-ise something for the fu-ture. So they went to work and made a new home, and they had lit-tle chil-dren born to them and I think Eve must of-ten have told them of the dear first home in the fair gar-den and per-haps she warned them to love and o-bey God and so help to bring the time of joy back into the world.

Some of Ad-am and Eve's chil-dren were good and some bad, and as time went on the bad ones be-came ver-y bad in-deed and ev-en some of the good ones for-got to be good all the time and so the world was grow-ing to be a wick-ed place and not the hap-py land that God would love to have seen it; and He said that He would wash all sin and all wick-ed peo-ple off the earth with a great flood. and now you are going to hear how one good man named No-ah was saved, and helped God to do the thing that was best in the end.

THE STO-RY OF NO-AH.

In that far off time—the world was grow-ing more wick-ed all the time—there lived a good man whose name was No-ah: he had a wife and three sons.

God said that when the great flood came No-ah and his fam-i-ly should be saved and that they must save some an-i-mals and birds so that when the flood was o-ver the earth would not be quite emp-ty for No-ah and his chil-dren.

Now God told No-ah to build a great ark. It was to be like a ship all made of wood, and in it he was to put food e-nough to last for a long time.

No-ah trust-ed God and went to work: for in that far off time to do what God had said meant much work and took a long time.

The peo-ple all laughed at him: they did not think a flood was com-ing. The sun was shin-ing just the same. The birds sang and noth-ing was changed.

I think No-ah must have had a hard time while he worked, for no one thought as he did, and yet he nev-er for one mo-ment stopped the task which God had bade him do. Af-ter the ark was done No-ah and his wife, his three sons and their wives and two of each kind of bird and an-i-mal went into the great ship, and then they wait-ed.

Soon it be-gan to rain; there was noth-ing strange in that. It was just like other rains, on-ly it did not stop. Day af-ter day it fell, the riv-ers came up o-ver their high banks; the lit-tle hills were hid and then the big ones, and all the earth was like the great sea.

For for-ty days that rain fell and all the peo-ple and an-i-mals who were not in No-ah's ship were dead be-neath the wa-ter.

But o-ver the wat-er the great ark went safe and true.

No-ah trust-ed in God and went to work and built the Ark.

God did not let an-y-thing hap-pen to it, nor to an-y-one who was in it.

But I think it was a sad sight for No-ah and the oth-ers to look out at that aw-ful flood and think of their friends

and dear ones, dead, be-cause they had not trust-ed God. There was noth-ing for them to look at but sky and wa-ter, as the for-ty long days went by. Then it stopped rain-ing, the sky was blue once more, and the sun shone through. At night the stars and the bright moon came out. How glad they must have been in the ark when they saw these signs! At last the ark stopped float-ing and rest-ed on the top of a high moun-tain; then No-ah saw peaks of oth-er high hills show-ing through the wa-ter and he knew that the wa-ter was not as deep as it had been. He want-ed to know more, but how was he to find out? He let a ra-ven out of the win-dow and wait-ed for it to come back. It nev-er came back, for you know a ra-ven eats dead things and there were so ma-ny float-ing in the wa-ter that the bird did not care to be back in the ark when it could find food and be free out-side once more.

No-ah wait-ed a few days, then he let out a dove. Now, doves like to rest in trees and they eat grain and seeds. So the dove flew back to the ark, tired and hun-gry; you see, she could find no home.

No-ah kept her in the ark a week, then he tried once a-gain. This time she came back, but in her beak she brought a green leaf. It was like a mes-sage from God to No-ah and he kept the dove one more week be-fore he let her fly forth; the third time she did not come back, for she had found a place to build her nest and food to keep her a-live. And No-ah knew that all sin had been washed from the earth, and that for him and his chil-dren it was a new earth; and you shall see how it turned out.

When No-ah and all who were in the ark came out up-on dry land, God spoke to them and said that no wa-ter should drown the earth a-gain, and to make them feel sure

He put a bright rain-bow in the sky as a proof that He would not for-get.

We know how love-ly the rain-bow is, when we see it

Day af-ter day the rain fell till all the lit-tle hills and the big ones were cov-ered with wa-ter.

in the sky af-ter a hard rain; we have seen it ma-ny times. How must it have looked that first time when the lit-tle band from the ark gazed up-on it and knew what it meant!

THE STO-RY OF A-BRA-HAM.

A long while af-ter the flood, when there were a great ma-ny more peo-ple on the earth, for No-ah's chil-dren had chil-dren, there be-gan to be sin a-gain, and as time went by it grew more and more. At last God spoke to a good man named A-bra-ham and told him to leave the land where his home was, and where he was rich and al-most like a prince, and go to a new land that would be shown him, and where he could bring up his chil-dren and those who would go with him in love and plen-ty.

A-bra-ham was will-ing to do as God told him ; he was glad to go a-way from the sin he must have seen, but he was an old man and to leave be-hind all friends and home was hard. Be-side, God had said that the new land should be for him and *his chil-dren ;* but A-bra-ham had no chil-dren and he and his wife Sa-rah were both old.

She did not trust God as her hus-band did, and per-haps made it hard-er for him to go, but A-bra-ham asked no ques-tions, he felt that in some way God knew how to keep His word and do all that He had said.

So he left his home, tak-ing great flocks of sheep and cows with him and a great ma-ny ser-vants and some of his friends. They took tents, too, for in that new land to which they were go-ing there would be no hous-es, they felt sure. And all the rest of A-bra-ham's life he lived in a tent. He nev-er had a house of his own. He was rich, and ruled his peo-ple al-most like a king, but he always had a tent home.

But the win-ters in that far land were not like ours; they were short and not so cold, and the long sum-mer was hot and dry, so they did not need a warm house as much as we do.

A-bra-ham and all his band went on till they came to the land God had prom-ised them.

By and by, as A-bra-ham and all his band went on, they came to a land so fair and love-ly that I am sure they must have felt that God was kind and true to them. There

were high, cool hills ris-ing from the green vales; the blue sea spread be-fore them and all lay in the glo-ry of the bright sun.

It was *their* land! No foot but theirs trod that rich place; but it was to be-long to A-bra-ham's chil-dren, you know, and he had no child. It was strange, but God would make a way, of that they all felt sure. You see, A-bra-ham had the same faith in God that No-ah had. God had found a way for No-ah and these peo-ple felt that God would keep His word to them.

Now, with A-bra-ham was one whom he loved very much. He was a man, and his name was Lot; he was a neph-ew and had brought his flocks and ser-vants al-so.

One day the whole band came to a rock-y place (it was be-fore they had reached the best land), and A-bra-ham and Lot stopped to rest. They built an al-tar of stones and knelt to pray and thank God; as they prayed the ser-vants of both men were car-ing for the flocks and a-mong them-selves they be-gan to quar-rel, and came with tales to Lot and A-bra-ham, and there be-gan to be real trou-ble. So A-bra-ham thought it was best for Lot and all his flocks and ser-vants to go one way and leave him to go an-oth-er. He told Lot that he might choose so that be-tween them might come no hard thought.

Lot went to the top of a hill and looked far off and in the East he saw a riv-er, and lakes, and a green val-ley, and the homes of ma-ny peo-ple a-long the riv-er side. He thought he would rath-er go there than to stay in the new place where there were no oth-er peo-ple, so he said he would go on. He did not think wheth-er the peo-ple in the towns were good or bad; he on-ly thought that the coun-try looked like a good place to make his home, so he left A-bra-ham

a-mong the hills and vales and went to live with the new peo-ple, of whom he knew not one thing.

But when Lot came to his chos-en place with his wife and all his band, he found it more love-ly e-ven than it had seemed from the hill-top. There were fields of rich grass and flocks of sheep all un-der tall palm-trees. The five towns on the riv-er bank had strong walls a-round them and they were full of rich peo-ple who lived lives full of sin and thought not of God. There Lot made his home, but the sin made him ver-y sad, he thought that he could make them bet-ter if he tried, so he told them of God's love and begged them to turn from their wrong ways and live good true lives. But they on-ly laughed at him and grew worse than be-fore.

One night, two strange men came in-to the cit-y where Lot lived. No one knew them and no one would take them in but Lot. He gave them food and drink, and while they sat talk-ing, the men told Lot that God was go-ing to de-stroy the cit-y be-cause it was so wick-ed. Though the place looked so strong and safe, yet in a few hours it would lie in ru-ins.

Then the men who were sent by God to save Lot took hold of him and tried to force him and all who be-longed to him to leave the cit-y. They said that to be saved they must climb to a high, rough moun-tain and that they must not look back as they ran. Of course Lot and his wife were a-fraid, but they begged that they might not be ta-ken to that bare hill; they thought that they might run to a lit-tle cit-y which was near-er.

Their wish was grant-ed, and Lot, his wife and two oth-ers went with the stran-gers to the small town. They walked all night and just as the sun came up they found

them-selves safe with-in the walls; at least three of them did, but Lot's wife, on the way, had looked back. I think she was sor-ry that she had come and want-ed to see her home and dear cit-y once a-gain. You know the men had

Lot and his fam-i-ly fled from the burn-ing cit-ies, but Lot's wife look-ed back and died.

told them that they must not look back, so Lot's wife was do-ing wrong. What did she see? Why, the four strong towns were on fire and all their beau-ty and glo-ry were

gone. They were ru-ins just as the men had said they would be.

Lot's wife could not move, for the sight was so aw-ful; and there she died and was left out-side of the place of safe-ty.

A sad, dark lake cov-ers the place where those cities stood, it is called the Dead Sea; the rocks are crust-ed with salt and e-ven now it seems as if God did not love the place.

But A-bra-ham lived in his fair val-ley and served God and was good to his peo-ple. And by and by he *did* have a son, just as God said that he should, and A-bra-ham and Sa-rah named their lit-tle boy I-saac, and I think they must have loved him more than most fa-thers and moth-ers loved their ba-bies, for they had wait-ed so long for him and he came to prove that God was true and faith-ful, and that lit-tle child was to do great things for others as time went on.

Now, when I-saac was a boy of eight or a lit-tle older, God asked A-bra-ham to do a strange and aw-ful thing. In those days it was the cus-tom for peo-ple to burn a small an-i-mal on an al-tar to show their love and thanks to God, but A-bra-ham was told to burn his boy on the al-tar in-stead of a lamb or calf. He was to go and take his lit-tle son with him to the top of a hill, there he was to bind I-saac and put him on a pile of wood and so of-fer him to God as a sac-ri-fice.

We know that God on-ly meant to prove A-bra-ham's faith. God asked him to give up the one thing he loved best on earth, and A-bra-ham did not fail.

As he went up the hill, bear-ing a knife and a ves-sel of fire, he did not know but that in-deed he must kill this dear boy who walked so trust-ing-ly be-side him.

"Father," said the boy, "I see the wood and fire, but

where is the lamb we are to of-fer?" I think that ques-tion must al-most have bro-ken A-bra-ham's heart. "My son," he re-plied, "God will give a lamb when the time comes."

He could do as God told him, but A-bra-ham could not tell his boy all. But I-saac knew, per-haps, from his fa-ther's voice, that *he* was to be the lamb, but he knew, too, that his kind fa-ther would nev-er do so aw-ful a thing un-less God had told him to, and in those old days peo-ple who loved God seemed to be ver-y near to Him and trust-ed Him with-out ask-ing why.

So e-ven lit-tle I-saac, when he knew the fear-ful truth, did not cry or turn away, he walked on up the hill and meant to do his part, just as A-bra-ham was to do his.

The fire-wood was made in the shape of an al-tar; I-saac was bound and laid up-on the pile, but just as A-bra-ham was a-bout to kill him, a voice from heav-en cried: "Lay not thy hand up-on the boy; do noth-ing to him; for now I know that thou dost love God and would not keep thine on-ly son from Me."

Then A-bra-ham un-tied I-saac and was as glad as if the boy had been dead and had come back to him.

From that time God blessed A-bra-ham more and more. He knew that He could trust him in all things.

But at last Sa-rah, the moth-er of I-saac, died, and al-though A-bra-ham lived in that rich land, he knew that the land real-ly be-longed to I-saac and so he did not know where to lay Sa-rah's body.

Then he went to a prince and begged that he might buy a field and in it make a grave for his wife. The prince said that he would *give* the field, but A-bra-ham felt saf-er to pay for it with gold and so be sure that no one could take it from him. So he weighed out the gold in pieces, not

mon-ey like ours, but large lumps with a mark stamped on each piece.

Then the field, with a cave in it, was giv-en to A-bra-ham and Sa-rah was laid to rest, and by and by, when A-bra-ham died, he was laid be-side her; they were rolled in lin-en with spi-ces. La-ter I-saac and his chil-dren were put there and the cave has been sa-cred ev-er since. There is a build-ing o-ver it now. No one can go in it, but far down in that build-ing is a gold gate, and in-side the gate sleep those good men and wo-men of long, long ago.

THE STO-RY OF JA-COB.

Now, I-saac had two sons named E-sau and Ja-cob. E-sau was the old-est and so had the right, the first right, to all the land which I-saac knew was to be-long to his chil-dren. But E-sau did not care for what he might have by and by as much as he did for what he could get at once. He did not have faith like his fa-ther and grand-fa-ther; he want-ed to know just what was to be his *now*. One day he came home ver-y hun-gry and he saw his broth-er Ja-cob mak-ing soup o-ver the fire and he said that he would rath-er have some of that soup than to keep his chance of own-ing all the land by and by. So for the soup he sold his rights as the old-est son. It seems to us a ver-y strange thing, but after that Ja-cob had all that should have been E-sau's. A time was to come, though, when E-sau was to be sad for what he had done. I-saac was old and blind and thought that he was dy-ing, so he told E-sau, whom he loved bet-ter than Ja-cob, to make a great feast—that was the way they gave bless-ings in that time. E-sau set to work and brought the meat, but it was the old-est son's place to hand the food to the fa-ther, and so you see E-sau, who had giv-en that right to his broth-er, had to stand a-side and let Ja-cob kneel to their fa-ther and re-ceive the bless-ing, which meant that now the old-est son took the fa-ther's place. As I-saac's hands rest-ed on Ja-cob's head the fa-ther knew that for some rea-son E-sau had sold his rights to Ja-cob, and the poor old man wept bit-ter-ly.

And E-sau stand-ing there saw what he had done and

cried to his fa-ther to bless him, too. I-saac did bless him, but he could not give a-gain to him the land and all the prom-ise.

Af-ter that, Ja-cob felt that E-sau ha-ted him, and so he thought that it was best for him to go a-way a-lone, but God was with Ja-cob and was tak-ing care of him all the time.

The first day Ja-cob walked un-til night came on and then he found him-self in a lone-ly place with no house near. There were stones and bri-ers, but not e-ven a tree to shel-ter him. He was too tired to go far-ther, so he lay down up-on the stones with on-ly the bright stars a-bove him.

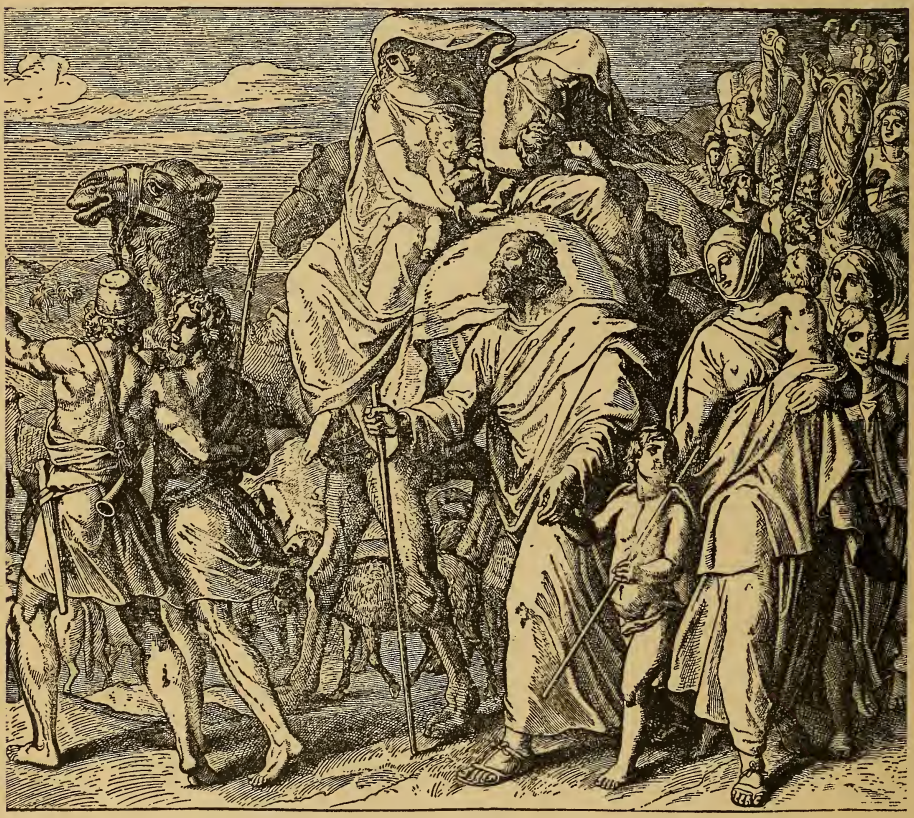
That night he saw such won-ders that he was glad he had come to that dis-mal spot, for in-deed it was a ho-ly place.

As he lay look-ing up at the stars, and per-haps think-ing of his home, he saw a bright lad-der come down from heav-en and rest up-on the earth; at the top stood God Him-self and up and down the lad-der came an-gels to com-fort and cheer him. And in that sa-cred hour God told Ja-cob that, though he were poor and a-way from home then, he yet should own all the land and his chil-dren af-ter him, and that he should al-ways be ta-ken care of no mat-ter where he went.

This was a dream, as you must know, but peo-ple in those days be-lieved that God spoke to them in dreams; so Ja-cob a-woke and felt sure that God would do all that the dream had shown. So he built a pile of stones to mark the place where he had slept and went on his way with a light heart.

It was a long jour-ney that Ja-cob had to go, for he was go-ing to the place where Re-bec-ca his moth-er was born.

At last he reached the place and went to the home of an un-cle and there he took care of the flocks, and I am sure the un-cle was kind and just to him, for when Ja-cob be-



Then Ja-cob start-ed with his flocks and his fam-i-ly to go back to E-sau.

came a man and old e-nough to mar-ry he was rich and had great flocks of his own.

He mar-ried and had ma-ny sons, and as he grew old-er he thought more and more of E-sau and his old home. Then

God spoke to him and told him to go back to his broth-er. Ja-cob was a-fraid but in spite of his fear he o-beyed. He picked out some of his best cat-tle and sent them a-head as

When E-sau saw Ja-cob com-ing he ran and threw his arms a-bout his neck and cried for joy.

a gift to E-sau, then he sent some cat-tle that he knew he would want for him-self, then he next sent his chil-dren, and last of all he went with his young-est son, who was named Jo-seph and who was the dear-est of all.

E-sau saw the great band com-ing and ran out to meet them, not in an-ger, oh ! no. I think dur-ing the long years he had felt how wrong he had been and how un-kind to the young broth-er who had left home ; so now he put his arms a-bout Ja-cob's neck and cried with joy. So you see, as God had said, Ja-cob was to have all the rich lands of Ca-naan which were his from the first.

THE STO-RY OF JO-SEPH.

Now Ja-cob had twelve sons, but the one he loved best was the young-est, named Jo-seph.

He dressed him bet-ter than the oth-ers and he made for him a coat of bright col-ors such as the son who was to have the most always wore.

This was not a wise thing for Ja-cob to do, for it made all the broth-ers an-gry and they be-gan to hate Jo-seph, for they thought their fa-ther had for-got-ten them in his love for Jo-seph.

When Jo-seph was sev-en-teen years old, he was with his fa-ther one day and ten of his broth-ers were in the fields watch-ing the flocks. Ja-cob told Jo-seph to go and see what they were do-ing. Now Jo-seph did not like to be with his broth-ers, for they were of-ten un-kind and cruel to him, but he went to o-bey his fa-ther. When the broth-ers saw him com-ing, as they thought, to spy up-on them, they said that they would kill him and he should nev-er go back to their fa-ther.

Reu-ben, the old-est broth-er, tried to keep them from do-ing such a fear-ful thing, but he saw that he on-ly made things worse by talk-ing; so he said that in-stead of kill-ing him they should put him in-to a deep well which was quite dry, and leave him there to die.

Reu-ben meant la-ter to go and help him out. There was an-oth-er broth-er named Ju-dah and he did not want Jo-seph killed at all. Just then he saw a great par-ty of men on cam-els com-ing. He knew that they were mer-

chants go-ing to buy and sell in E-gypt, and *he* said it would be best to sell Jo-seph to these men for a big price, and in that way Jo-seph would be ta-ken a-way and they need not kill him.

The mer-chants were on-ly too glad to buy him, for he was strong and hand-some and would make a fine slave. But the wick-ed broth-ers kept Jo-seph's coat and af-ter he was gone they killed a kid and dipped the coat in the blood and took it home to Ja-cob and told him that a wild beast had killed Jo-seph and eat-en him.

Oh! how sad-ly Ja-cob wept for the boy he had loved. The broth-ers made be-lieve to com-fort him, but not once did they tell him that Jo-seph was a-live.

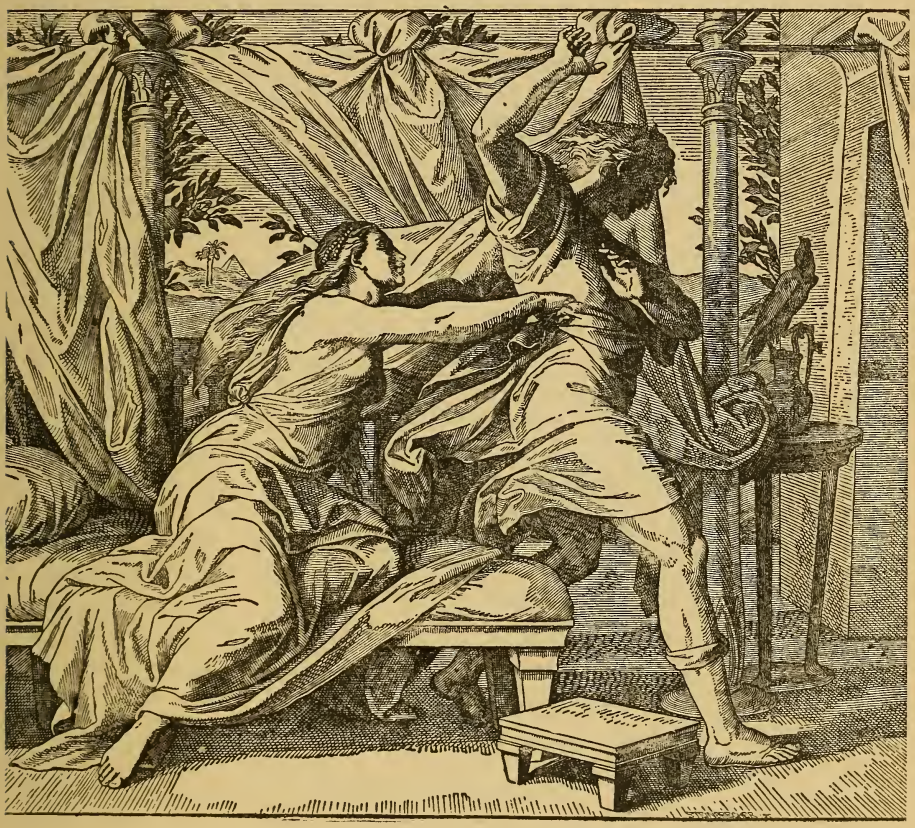
So Jo-seph was a slave and worked hard in a home where no one loved or cared for him an-y more than if he had been a dog. He, who once wore the dress of a prince, now wore the coat of a ser-vant. He had loved the hills and o-pen coun-try of his home; now he was shut in a city house a-mong peo-ple who did not speak the same lan-guage which he did.

But in all this hard time he prayed to God and trust-ed Him, and he did his du-ty brave-ly. His mas-ter grew to trust him, and gave him tasks to do which showed that he knew that the boy was no com-mon slave. But the mas-ter's wife was a wick-ed wo-man and she did not like Jo-seph and did not want him to be so trust-ed, so she told a cru-el lie a-bout him, and in the end Jo-seph was thrown in-to a pris-on for a wrong he had nev-er done.

In that pris-on he still brave-ly did what he thought to be right. He was kind and gen-tle and the keep-er grew to like and trust him, as the mas-ter had once done.

He did not keep the boy in a cell like the oth-ers, he

gave him tasks to do. He let him carry food to the pris-on-ers, and I think at those times Jo-seph was kind to the poor men and spoke lov-ing-ly to them and made their hard



Jos-eph fled a-way when his mas-ter's wife tried to make him do wrong.

lives bright-er. One day, two great men were brought to the pris-on. One was the chief ba-ker, who made bread for the king, and the oth-er was the cup-bear-er, who car-ried the wine. They had re-al-ly done no wrong, but the king

thought they had, and that was why they had been sent there.

One morn-ing Jo-seph found them look-ing ver-y sad and he asked them what was the mat-ter; they said that they had had strange dreams. They thought a great deal of dreams in those days, as we know, and these men wished that they could know what these dreams meant.

God put it in-to Jo-seph's heart to know, so he said that if they would tell him the dreams he would try to ex-plain them. The cup-bear-er had dreamt that he saw a vine with three bunch-es of grapes on it. He was press-ing the juice out of them in-to a cup for the king. Jo-seph said that the dream meant that in three days the bear-er should a-gain be serv-ing the king; and Jo-seph begged that when the man *was* free he should tell the king a-bout him and so get him free.

Then the ba-ker told his dream. He had seen three bas-kets of bread read-y for the king, but the birds had flown down and ate the bread. Then Jo-seph had to tell him that the dream meant that the ba-ker should be hanged and that the birds would eat his flesh.

It all came to pass as Jo-seph had said. The ba-ker was hanged and in three days the cup-bear-er went back to serve in the pal-ace. But he for-got all a-bout Jo-seph in his pris-on, and so did not speak to the king at all of the mat-ter. But it seems in some way the king must have heard of how Jo-seph could tell what dreams meant.

The king dreamed and he sent for the boy to tell him what it meant. And Jo-seph said that for sev-en years there were to be large har-vests and then for sev-en years there were to be none at all.

Af-ter that the king took Jo-seph out of pris-on and

made him a lord in the land and told him to buy all the corn that was left af-ter the peo-ple had ta-ken what they need-ed and store it, so that there would be plen-ty in the years when no corn grew.

The king took Jo-seph out of pris-on and made him a lord in the land.

When the years of fam-ine came Jo-seph had stored plen-ty of corn and the king told him to sell it to all who came. Not on-ly in E-gypt was the fam-ine but in oth-er places, and by and by a-mong those who came to buy

were the broth-ers who so long a-go had sold him to be a slave.

He knew them at once, but they did not know him, for he was a man now and wore clothes like a king.

Jo-seph longed to know if his dear fa-ther was yet a-live and a young broth-er named Ben-ja-min, who was not with them.

But he act-ed as if he did not know them and said that he thought they had on-ly come to do harm in E-gypt be-cause of the fam-ine. They told him in-deed they had on-ly come for food. They were all sons of one fa-ther and that long a-go they had lost a broth-er and that one was still at home with the fa-ther. Jo-seph did not seem to be-lieve this, and said that they must go to pris-on, while he sent back to fetch the young broth-er to prove if they spoke the truth.

They were in great trou-ble now, and Jo-seph's heart was sore as he saw them weep. At last he on-ly kept one broth-er in pris-on and sent the oth-ers to bring Ben-ja-min. But he would not take mon-ey for the corn he gave them; he made his ser-vants put it back in their bags.

When they found the mon-ey on their way home they were a-fraid; and when they reached home and told their fa-ther he was a-fraid too.

I do not think that they had ev-er been good sons for old Ja-cob could not trust them at all. He said that they had killed the broth-er who was re-al-ly in E-gypt with Jo-seph, and he thought that they want-ed now to kill lit-tle Ben-ja-min, and he would not let them take him.

But they dared not go back with-out Ben-ja-min, for you know Jo-seph would not be-lieve their sto-ry. At last

the old fa-ther said if Ju-dah would prom-ise to take good care of Ben-ja-min he might go.

You know Ju-dah was the one who want-ed to help Jo-seph when the broth-ers were go-ing to kill him. He must have been the best of them, for Ja-cob could trust Ju-dah.

Now, when the broth-ers came, bring-ing lit-tle Ben-ja-min with them, Jo-seph could not stand the sight but went a-way to weep, so that no one might see him. But he want-ed to test the oth-ers still more; he want-ed to see if they were as cru-el to this lit-tle child, whom their fa-ther loved best, as they had once been to him. So he made his ser-vant hide a rich cup in Ben-ja-min's bag of corn and then go af-ter him and say that he had sto-len it. The ser-vant did so, and when he ran af-ter the broth-ers on their way home and said that a cup had been sto-len they were ver-y an-gry and told him that they were no thieves and he might search their bags. He did so and of course found the cup in Ben-ja-min's corn.

How a-fraid were the broth-ers then! What was to be done? Why, Ben-ja-min must go back and suf-fer for the thing he had done. Long a-go the broth-ers would not have cared had this come to Jo-seph, but they all loved lit-tle Ben-ja-min and they were sad at heart.

They would not let him go back a-lone, so they all went with him to the lord of the land and Ju-dah stood up be-fore that stern, qui-et, prince-ly man and told him how the old fa-ther loved that lit-tle boy more than all else on earth, and that he would sure-ly die un-less the child was brought safe home. Then Ju-dah said that he would stay and be a slave in E-gypt if the lord would let the oth-ers take Ben-ja-min home.

As he spoke, the man who stood so calm be-gan to weep, and he sent the ser-vants a-way, and when he was a-lone with the broth-ers he told them who he was and said that they must for-get all the past, for God had turned it in-to

Jo-seph came out of the cit-y to meet his fa-ther Jacob.

good and made him the one to save E-gypt by stor-ing the corn.

And he said that they must go home and tell the dear fa-ther that Jo-seph still lived, and they must bring him

and their wives and chil-dren and all that they had and come and live in E-gypt where he could care for them and love them.

How glad-ly did they re-turn home! Poor old Ja-cob could hard-ly be-lieve the good news, but at last he said: "My son Jo-seph is yet a-live, I will go to see him be-fore I die."

Then he went with them, and Jo-seph came out of the cit-y to meet him, and as long as he lived Ja-cob stayed in E-gypt and was hap-py with Jo-seph.

THE STO-RY OF MO-SES.

Now Jo-seph's broth-ers and their chil-dren and *their* chil-dren lived on in Egypt ma-ny years and they be-came a great tribe called the chil-dren of Is-ra-el. But of course the good king who had ruled when Jo-seph was a-live died, and oth-er kings came, some good, some bad; at last one ruled that was ver-y bad in-deed, and he saw how great the tribe of the chil-dren of Is-ra-el was, and he was a-fraid that some day they might turn up-on him and he would not be a-ble to con-quer them.

He was very harsh to them; he made them make bricks and build towns for him and they were beat-en and ill-used. But worst of all he said that, when a lit-tle boy was born, he must at once be killed, but the lit-tle girls might live; you see if the boys died, by and by there would not be ma-ny men and then he need not fear the tribe.

Of course this or-der was a dread-ful one for the moth-ers and fa-thers to hear. They could work and suf-fer, but when it came to see-ing their dear ba-bies killed they were sad at heart.

Now there was one moth-er who had a ba-by boy named Mo-ses and she hid her ba-by for three months; then he grew so big that she could no long-er keep peo-ple from see-ing him, so she made a lit-tle boat of rush-es from the riv-er and put the child in it; then she set it a-mong the tall weeds on the riv-er bank and told her lit-tle girl Mir-i-am to watch it.

The sis-ter stayed close to the boat and sang soft and

low so that the ba-by would not be a-fraid; and soon the king's daugh-ter came to the riv-er to bathe, and some of her maids were with her. She saw the lit-tle boat and told

When the king's daugh-ter came to the riv-er to bathe, she saw Mo-ses in the lit-tle boat and want-ed to have him for her own.

some one to bring it to her, and when she saw the ba-by she said that she would take him to the pal-ace and have him for her own.

Then Mir-i-am came from where she was hid-ing and

asked the prin-cess if she should bring a nurse for the child. The prin-cess said yes: so Mir-i-am ran and brought her moth-er; so you see, though Mo-ses was the prin-cess' lit-tle boy, he had his own moth-er for a nurse and I think she must have been a ten-der, lov-ing one. No doubt she taught the boy much a-bout his own peo-ple and all their woes. May-be she thought that when he was grown he would ask the king to be kind-er, but at least she made him feel sor-ry for all the sor-row; and one day when he was a young man he saw a ser-vant of the king whip a slave and he was so an-gry that he killed the man and then in fear ran a-way, for he knew that he would lose his life if the king found out what he had done.

He then went to a cit-y some dis-tance a-way and there on the hills he kept sheep for a rich man and was ver-y glad to be a-way from the scenes of pain and care.

He lived there ma-ny years and mar-ried and was hap-py. One day he was a-lone with the sheep, when he saw a bush on fire. He watched it and saw that the fire did not burn the bush at all. Mo-ses went near to look at the strange sight and as he did so he heard God's voice and it told him that the chil-dren of Is-ra-el must not suf-fer any more. God would save them but Mo-ses must go and bring them out of E-gypt to the land which long a-go had been giv-en to A-bra-ham for his chil-dren. Mo-ses felt a-fraid to go back to the wick-ed king, but God said that he would be with him and help him.

So Mo-ses and his broth-er Aa-ron who, when he heard that Mo-ses was com-ing to save the tribe, went out to meet him, and to-geth-er they went to the king and told him that God want-ed the chil-dren of Is-ra-el to go a-way to wor-ship Him in a new place. The king said: "I know not your

God, why should I o-bey Him? I will not let the chil-dren of Is-ra-el go." And af-ter that he was more cru-el to them. He made them make bricks of clay and straw, and to pun-

God ap-peared to Mo-ses in a burn-ing bush and sent him back to E-gypt to bring the chil-dren of Is-rael out of the land.

ish them he made them find their own straw and yet they must make as ma-ny bricks in the same time or be beat-en.

Poor men! un-der this new bur-den they grew an-gry at Mo-ses, for they thought if he had stayed a-way this last sor-row would not have come on them.

Aa-ron could talk bet-ter than Mo-ses, so when Mo-ses told him what to say he spoke and the chil-dren of Is-ra-el would lis-ten to him. He told them to wait a lit-tle long-er and then sure-ly God would show them a way out of that hard land and lead them to the fair coun-try which was read-y for them. They could not tell how love-ly the land was them-selves, for they had nev-er seen it, but they told of what the old grand-fa-thers had said. That dear land was not a flat coun-try with on-ly one riv-er, they said, but it had high hills and green vales and bright streams. Grapes grew there and cat-tle fed up-on the hills.

The chil-dren of Is-ra-el were so tired that e-ven the thought of go-ing to such a joy-ful place did not rouse them. They thought it like a wild dream.

A-gain and a-gain Mo-ses begged the king to let the poor peo-ple go, but he would not, and on-ly made their lives the hard-er. At last God said that He must make the king and his peo-ple suf-fer to show them their sin and make them will-ing to do as He said.

Now Mo-ses had brought with him a rod which God had giv-en him on the day that the bush was on fire. This was a won-der-ful rod : it had pow-er in it to bring plagues on the land. First Mo-ses held it out straight to-ward the riv-er and lo ! the wa-ter became blood ; and when Mo-ses waved his rod the blood be-came pure wa-ter.

Still the king said the peo-ple should not go. Then all o-ver the land great frogs came ; they crawled in-to houses and beds and were ver-y fear-ful. Then Mo-ses prayed and the frogs died. I think Mo-ses thought that if *he* were kind the king would re-lent and be kind al-so, but no : he grew hard and worse.

Next came dir-ty crea-tures, and this was hard for the

peo-ple of E-gypt to bear, for they were ver-y clean; but the king did not care. Then flies came, and at last the king said if the flies were ta-ken a-way he would let the peo-ple go. But he broke his word and would not free them.

Ten aw-ful plagues God sent on the peo-ple of E-gypt. The cat-tle died, the peo-ple had sores and were ill, storms came and the wind tore the trees up and the hail fell and cut the grain and fruit. Then lo-custs swarmed o-ver the land and ate the leaves and grass, and there was noth-ing left for men or beasts to eat. The king now said that he would let the men go but the wo-men and chil-dren must stay.

Then God bade Mo-ses hold up his hand. And dark-ness came. Oh! such dark-ness as that was. Day and night was all the same. It was not like night. It was a thick dark-ness. No fire or can-dle could give light and no one dared move a-bout; but in that part of the land where the chil-dren of Is-ra-el dwelt there it was light.

For three days this black-ness last-ed, then the king said that the men, wo-men and chil-dren could go, but that the beasts must be left.

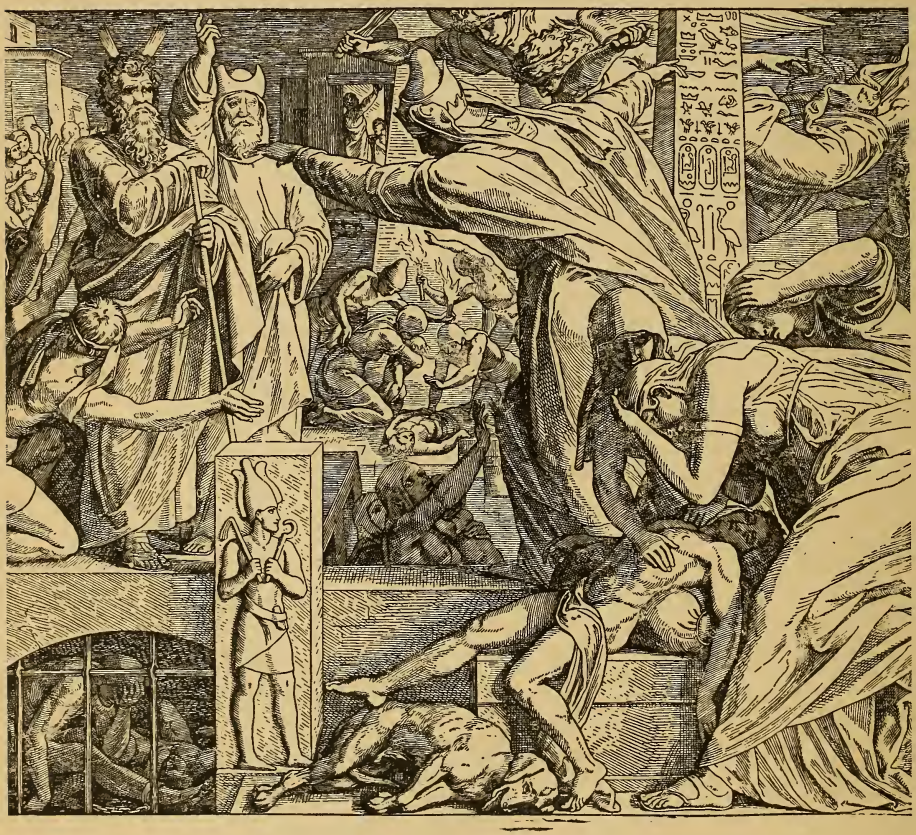
But Mo-ses said that God want-ed them to take all the cat-tle too. Then was the king ver-y an-gry and drove Mo-ses from the pal-ace and said that he would nev-er talk to him a-gain.

And Mo-ses said: "Thou hast spo-ken well, I will see thy face no more."

That was the last time the king had a chance to do right, for there was to be but one more curse on poor E-gypt and it was to be the worst of all.

God told the chil-dren of Is-ra-el to be read-y for the time was now come for them to go forth.

That night in the still-ness and gloom an an-gel passed o-ver the whole land of E-gypt and in ev-er-y house from the king's cas-tle to the mean-est hut the old-est son lay dead.



An an-gel passed over the whole land of E-gypt and in ev-er-y house the old-est son lay dead.

I think the wick-ed king, as he sat by his own dead boy, must have thought of all the lit-tle chil-dren whom he had caused to be killed long a-go.

No ba-bies died in the homes of the peo-ple of Is-ra-el, for their fa-thers had put a mark of blood on each door and the an-gel of death had passed them by.

A great cry went up all o-ver the land for the dear dead chil-dren, and the wick-ed king in his pal-ace said that all the peo-ple might go and take their cat-tle. He could bear no more. God had bro-ken his proud heart.

The chil-dren of Is-ra-el were read-y now they were free! No more sad toil in the heat and storm. No more kill-ing of their chil-dren; they could go to the land of prom-ise, and led by a cloud in the day and by a bright flame in the sky at night they set forth on their long jour-ney, leav-ing the dark land of E-gypt for-ev-er.

Af-ter they had been gone some time the cru-el king be-gan to think he had been most weak to let them go. Who now would work for him as they had done? So he got his horse-men and char-i-ots to-geth-er and start-ed af-ter them to drive them back. When he came in sight of them they were rest-ing on the shores of the Red Sea. They could not go on for the wa-ter lay be-fore them; they could not turn back. What could they do?

Then God said to them not to be a-fraid; he would save them.

The cloud which had gone be-fore them now went be-hind and made it dark for the king and his men.

Then God told Mo-ses to stretch his rod o-ver the sea. Mo-ses did so and the sea fell a-part. The wa-ter stood like high hills on ei-ther side, and through the wide dry place the chil-dren of Is-ra-el went.

The king saw them go-ing o-ver and he tried to go al-so. But when his hosts were in the midst, the wa-ter closed in and the king and all his men were drowned.

When the chil-dren of Is-ra-el came out of E-gypt they had a long jour-ney to go through the wil-der-ness. Mo-ses and Aa-ron led them; but there were some who did not

But when the E-gypt-ians were in the midst of the Red Sea the water closed in and the king and all his men were drowned.

like to have Mo-ses for their lead-er. They said they did not want him for their prince, though he had done so much for them. They be-gan to make trou-ble and God could not let them turn a-side His plans, so two of the men who were

a-gainst Mo-ses died a dread-ful death. They fell in-to a deep pit and the earth fell up-on them ; and all who saw the sight knew that it was God's will that Mo-ses should lead and that no one must try to take his place.

When God gave the com-mand-ments on Mount Si-nai Mo-ses and Aa-ron and Aa-ron's sons should be the priests, and they burned in-cense made of dried leaves that have a sweet smell when they burn. The priests had urns with chains to hold them by, and there was a hole in the top of the urn so the smoke could come out.

Now, e-ven af-ter the les-son of the two men fall-ing in-to the pit, there were some who felt an-gry that Aa-ron should do so much and be a priest. So one man, Ko-rah, got two hun-dred and fif-ty men to get urns and of-fer up pray-ers to God just as Aa-ron did. But God was a-gain grieved that an-y one should try to do what He had not planned, so these men were all burned to death, and the peo-ple who saw this sec-ond les-son seemed a-gain to know that God would not al-low an-y, but those whom He chose, to do His work.

The high-priest whom God chose had to of-fer sac-ri-fi-ces to Him. That is, he killed a goat or lamb and put it on the al-tar. The high-priest wore a fine dress and on his head a mi-ter with the words, " Ho-li-ness un-to the Lord." Round the hem of his robe were small bells made of gold and he had a scarf with twelve rich stones on it, and each stone was named after one tribe of the chil-dren of Is-ra-el.

Now God told Mo-ses that He would choose a high-priest. The chief man in each of the tribes must bring a dry rod or staff and lay them in the ho-ly place. The one whose rod be-gan to grow as if it were still on the tree should be the priest.

When the chief men went to look at their rods af-ter they had lain all night, e-lev-en were dead, but one had green leaves and love-ly white flow-ers on it. It was Aa-ron's rod: and that was the way God told the peo-ple that Aa-ron and his sons af-ter him were to be priests.

Now the chil-dren of Is-ra-el were in the des-ert. There was no wa-ter, on-ly rocks and sand. Mount Si-nai was in the midst of the plain, and all a-bout were black mar-ble and red rocks. The hot sun shone on the tired band and they grew thirst-y and un-hap-py.

"Is the Lord with us or not?" they kept ask-ing, for they be-gan to think He would not let them suf-fer so if He re-al-ly cared. But God was good and He cared for them more than they knew. He told Mo-ses to take his rod and go to a bare rock and strike it. The tribes, all hot and wea-ry, stood by un-der the blaz-ing sun to watch. As Mo-ses struck, a fresh spring of clear wa-ter ran out of the hard rock and all the peo-ple and beasts could drink as much as they want-ed. The one great fault of these tribes, that they could not wait for God to do what He thought best in His own time, they wanted things done their way and at once. It made it ver-y hard for the lead-ers; Mo-ses and Aa-ron knew that God meant to keep His prom-ise and bring them to the good land, but of-ten the tribes kept them back by their an-gry fault-find-ing.

There was one hard, ston-y part of the des-ert o-ver which they had to pass and when they came to that, they for-got all that God had done to help and care for them be-fore, and be-gan to say bit-ter things and to grum-ble at their hard lot. To make them feel how wrong they were God made the lit-tle snakes come out of the ground and bite them. Then they saw that it had not been as bad be-fore

as they had thought, and in pain they cried for help. So God told Mo-ses to make a snake of brass and put it on a pole, and all who were bit-ten could come and look at the brass snake

Then Mo-ses made a snake of brass and put it on a pole, and all who were bit-ten when they looked at the brass snake were cured.

and be cured. So they came cry-ing with pain, but when they looked at the shin-ing snake they felt no more pain and thanked God.

These poor peo-ple were al-ways sor-ry for their sins

while they were in pain. They nev-er meant to for-get, but when the next tri-al came they were just as bad. But when we think how long they had toiled in E-gypt with-out an-y one car-ing for them we can but think that it would take a long time for them to learn to trust and be gen-tle.

Now we know how God gave them wa-ter in the des-ert, but oft-en they were hun-gry.

There was grass for the cows and sheep to eat, and there were trees with sharp thorns, but no fruit, and there was no corn to make bread of. So you see it seemed rath-er hope-less. Again they cried out and said: "What will be-come of us?"

God did not for-get them. One morn-ing they saw lit-tle white things ly-ing all o-ver the ground. They were sweet and tast-ed good and made them strong. That was called Man-na. There was al-ways e-nough for all to have as much as they could eat, but they had to get up ear-ly and get it be-fore the hot sun melt-ed it. On the day be-fore Sun-day there was al-ways e-nough for two days, but the rest of the week they had to gath-er it fresh each day.

Now we must see how God gave the law to the peo-ple. He told Mo-ses to bring them all to the foot of Mount Si-nai, but to tell them not to touch the Mount; they were to stand a lit-tle way off and pray and watch. As they stood they saw a great black cloud on the top of the Mount, and the hill shook and smoked; the peo-ple were a-fraid; then from out that cloud came a deep voice that all could hear. It was the voice of God and He gave the ten com-mand-ments. Lat-er He gave them to Mo-ses writ-ten on stone; per-haps He thought the peo-ple might not re-mem-ber them all. They were such wise laws, we know them to-day and a-mong all the laws which have since been made by men,

none have ev-er been tru-er and bet-ter than those which God gave from out the smoke on Mount Si-nai while the wait-ing peo-ple stood and prayed.

When the laws had been giv-en God called to Mo-ses to come up and speak to Him in the cloud. Just think of Mo-ses go-ing up a-lone to speak to God! It must have made him brave and thank-ful to think of God ask-ing him from all the oth-ers to come so near. It was then that God gave him the stones with the laws on them. And God told Mo-ses to make a chest of wood with gold o-ver it to keep the laws in. Two fig-ures of an-gels were to be on each side. This chest was to be called the Ark of the Cov-e-nant. It was to be put in a square room, in a tent made of cur-tains, and it was to be car-ried with them where they went. The tent was to be called the Tab-er-na-cle ; and this was to be a ho-ly place. The tribes could say their pray-ers out-side but they must not go in-to the room where the Ark was. That was to be the Ho-ly of Ho-lies and on-ly the priests could go there whom God set a-part. You know the first high-priest was Aa-ron. All this God told Mo-ses as He spoke to him on the Mount.

Do you know how long Mo-ses stayed on the Mount? For-ty days! The peo-ple could not see him, and a-gain they grew rest-less when they thought that God had tak-en Mo-ses from them. And they did such a fool-ish thing. They said since Mo-ses was gone they must have some-thing to wor-ship. So they took their gold rings and pins and melt-ed them and made them into an im-age of a gold calf. A-round this they danced and sang and made a feast.

When Mo-ses came down from the Mount with the stone ta-bles in his hands, he heard them. His heart must have been full of ho-ly thoughts for he had been so near

God, and this i-dle noise made him sad. He thought it was lit-tle use to bring the laws to them if they could mind no bet-ter or have no great-er faith.

When Mo-ses came down from the Mount and saw the peo-ple wor-ship-ing the im-age, he was so an-gry, he threw the stone ta-bles to the ground and they broke in-to pieces.

So, in dis-gust, he threw the stones a-way and they broke in-to pieces.

He was an-gry with the peo-ple and broke their i-dol.

Then Mo-ses prayed to God to for-give them, and I think he prayed for him-self too, be-cause he had been so an-gry, for la-ter God let him have two new stones to write the laws up-on ; but those first ta-bles, the ones from the Ho-ly Mount, were gone for-ev-er.

While Mo-ses prayed for the new stones to write the ta-bles on, he al-so prayed that God would let him see in-to the glo-ry of hea-ven. God said that he could not show His face to him, for no man could see that and live, but He did let him look be-yond the clouds and sky and catch a glimpse of that glo-ry which we all hope to see by and by. And Mo-ses fell on his face at the sight, it was so grand and splen-did ; and when he came down a-mong the peo-ple they said his face shone like the sun.

Af-ter the break-ing of the gold calf, Mo-ses told the tribes they must be care-ful and nev-er wor-ship i-dols, they must on-ly love and pray to the one true God.

So af-ter that the chil-dren of Is-ra-el took up their jour-ney. The Ark go-ing be-fore and the cloud lead-ing them by day and night.

When they came near the land of Ca-naan, twelve men were sent a-head to see it. They came back bring-ing such a large bunch of grapes that it had to be car-ried on a pole.

Think what that meant to those tired, hun-gry, thirs-ty peo-ple !

But the men said that the land was full of big cit-ies and strong men, if they tried to go in they would all be killed.

Then two men, Josh-ua and Ca-leb, cried out that no one need fear, for God had said that He would help them. You see they be-gan to trust a lit-tle. But most of them cried out that af-ter the long, hard jour-ney they would not

try to go in-to such a place. They would rath-er go back to E-gypt. When Mo-ses and Aa-ron tried to qui-et them they threw stones at them.

The spies came back from the land of Ca-naan bring-ing back such a large bunch of grapes that it had to be car-ried on a pole.

This was a dread-ful thing for them to do af-ter all that had been done for them. And Mo-ses told them that all who had said they would not go in-to the fair coun-try should nev-er go. They should live for for-ty years in the

des-ert, all but Ca-leb and Josh-ua. Then after for-ty years, if the chil-dren had learned to be good and faith-ful, they might go in and have the land which had been meant for their fa-thers.

WHEN MO-SES DIED.

Mo-ses stayed with his peo-ple in the des-ert for for-ty years. They were close to the land of Ca-naan. On-ly the riv-er Jor-dan rolled be-tween them and the hills and vales of that love-ly place. But now af-ter the long years Mo-ses was not to lead them in-to Ca-naan.

Mo-ses had been too of-ten an-gry with them. He had cause, as we know, but God felt that be-cause he did get an-gry he was not fit to be the great-est lead-er. It is just the same now you know, the men who best lead are they who are al-ways calm and can mas-ter them-selves. There was great work to do in the new land, and it need-ed some one strong-er than Mo-ses e-ven. Josh-ua was to lead in-stead.

Poor Mo-ses! it was sad to think that at the last some one else must take his place. But he loved God and was will-ing to do as He thought best. He called all the tribes to him and warned them to o-bey the laws and try to please God, or in the end they would lose the land for which they had waited so long. Now, though Mo-ses was not to go in-to the land of prom-ise, God said that he might see it ere he died. So he led Mo-ses up on to a high hill: and there God made his eyes strong e-nough to see the love-ly land. He saw the vales all green and sha-dy; he saw the hills with great trees bend-ing in the soft breeze; he saw the spots where A-bra-ham, I-saac, and Ja-cob had lived, and he knew that in that sweet coun-try his peo-ple were to make a home.

But the sight was all that Mo-ses was to know of it; yet as he looked, his eyes saw a fair-er sight; he saw the heav-ens o-pen as they had on Mount Si-nai. He saw the glo-ry of the Lord! That heav-en was to be a home for Mo-ses. He was not to go down a-mong the peo-ple an-y more. There was to be no more tri-al or sor-row for him a-gain. A-lone on that hill of Ne-bo Mo-ses died, and when he came not back the chil-dren of Is-ra-el wept for him, for they had loved him deep-ly.

THE CHIL-DREN OF IS-RA-EL IN CA-NAAN.

And now Josh-ua led the tribes on to Ca-naan. Be-fore they could reach it, though, they had to cross o-ver the riv-er Jor-dan. It was a deep riv-er with rocks on each side, and the wa-ter ran ver-y fast. There was no bridge and no boats, and be-side the men there were wo-men and lit-tle chil-dren. But they were not a-fraid. In the des-ert dur-ing those for-ty years, the chil-dren, who had grown to be men, had learned faith. They knew what to do, God had told them. The priests took the ark and walked right in-to the riv-er. And lo! the wa-ter stopped run-ning and the peo-ple went o-ver just as long a-go they had crossed the Red Sea. And so they came in-to the land of Ca-naan. But once a-cross the riv-er a high wall rose be-fore them. The name of this walled cit-y was Jer-i-cho. The tribes could go no fur-ther until they had ta-ken that cit-y!

Now God was to show them how to take the place with-out fight-ing.

Each day for a week the priests must take the ark on their shoul-ders and walk a-round the walls of the cit-y. Sev-en priests were to go in front and blow trum-pets made of goats' horns; but no one else must make any noise. They went one day and there was no change. Josh-ua told them to try the next. Still no change. So the ark was car-ried for a whole week. On the last day Josh-ua told them God want-ed them to go not on-ly once but sev-en times. And so they did; and then at last Josh-ua cried:

"Shout!" All the peo-ple shout-ed and the priests blew their trum-pets, and be-hold, down came the strong wall and the chil-dren of Is-ra-el walked in-to the cit-y!

The priests took the ark and walked right in-to the river. And lo! the wa-ter stopped run-ning and the people crossed over on dry ground.

Af-ter that they took more towns, they drove the wick-ed peo-ple out of the fields and cit-ies, for you know all be-longed to them as God had said.

Then Josh-ua gave land to each tribe and told the chief

men how to rule. You know Josh-ua was Ja-cob's son, so he and his tribe had the high green land, which was the best, and where the grand-fa-ther had lived.

All the peo-ple shout-ed and the priests blew their trum-pets and down came the strong wall of Jer-i-cho.

Ju-dah had the land where the tomb of A-bra-ham and Sa-rah was.

They plant-ed vines and built hous-es, and for a long time led qui-et, hap-py lives; then their first sor-row came.

Josh-ua, their dear lead-er, was very old, and he felt that he must soon die.

He called all the chief men and told them how much God had done for them. You see he could re-call, what the young men did not know, a-bout the jour-ney from E-gypt.

He asked them to prom-ise to trust God and o-bey the laws giv-en to Mo-ses. They did prom-ise, and then he left them. But they for-got, as they had done so oft-en. They liked to have i-dols, so they made some of stone and some of wood and be-gan to wor-ship them. Then they learned to live in oth-er wrong ways. God was an-gry with them. But you must know His an-ger is not like ours : it was more like grief that they should not heed His words and so live the life He meant for them. He had to show them their wrong by mak-ing them suf-fer ; that is the way we all have to learn. So now when the tribes set up new gods they be-came less brave and strong. Cru-el na-tions came and fought them and drove them from their homes. They were a-fraid to go up-on the streets for fear of being killed.

DEB-O-RAH.

At last God spoke to a good wo-man named Deb-o-rah, and told her to send for a man named Ba-rak. Ba-rak was a great sol-dier and he would lead the tribes to fight a-gainst Sis-er-a, who was then driv-ing them from the land of Ca-naan. She sent for Ba-rak and told him what God had said. But Ba-rak was a-fraid to go a-lone. That did not seem like a brave sol-dier, did it? Deb-o-rah told him that if God bade him go he need not fear. But still he said no. Then he asked her to go with him. She was not a-fraid, but she said if they won the bat-tle a-gainst Sis-er-a he would say that a wo-man had gained the day, but if Ba-rak went a-lone the hon-or would all be his.

Ba-rak said that he would on-ly go if Deb-o-rah went too. So she went and it turned out just as she said. The bat-tle was won, but in the end Sis-er-a was killed by a wo-man named Ja-el, and Ba-rak had no hon-or at all be-cause he had been a-fraid.

But I think Deb-o-rah and the oth-er wo-men were brave, true sol-diers, don't you?

Af-ter that for an-oth-er for-ty years the chil-dren of Is-ra-el rest-ed in their land; but they nev-er kept long from hav-ing i-dols and do-ing what God did not like. By and by a band of rob-bers came in and burned their crops and took their chil-dren for slaves. These rob-bers were called Mid-i-an-ites. They were so strong and cru-el that the tribes could not fight them at all, so God in pit-y sent a man named Gid-e-on to lead them.

Gid-e-on said that he want-ed on-ly three hun-dred men to help him. At night these men each took a trum-pet and a pitch-er of clay with a lamp in-side, so that the light could

Ja-el drove a nail in-to Sis-er-a's temple and killed him as he lay sleep-ing in the tent.

not be seen. So they crept a-long till they came to the place where the rob-bers lay. Then all at once the men broke their pitch-ers, and let their lamps shine and blew on the trum-pets. The rob-bers a-woke, saw all the lights

and heard the noise. They were filled with fear. They could not tell friends from foes, and, af-ter a hard strug-gle, fled a-way.

Then Gid-eon's men broke their pitch-ers and blew their trum-pets. The Rob-bers a-woke, were filled with fear, and fled a-way.

Then Gid-e-on told them as long as they served God they should have peace and rest; but that was the hard-est les-son for them to learn.

THE STO-RY OF SAM-U-EL.

THERE was a good wo-man named Han-nah, and she was very sad be-cause she had no lit-tle child.

When she came with her hus-band to the tem-ple to pray, she al-ways prayed that soon God would send her a son. And she said that if God did let her have one she would lend him to God all the days of his life. That meant that she would train him to do God's work and love the on-ly true God. At last a lit-tle boy was sent to Han-nah, and oh! how dear-ly she loved him! She named him Sam-u-el and thanked God for hear-ing her pray-er. But she did not for-get her prom-ise. She meant to lend him to God. As soon as lit-tle Sam-u-el was old e-nough she took him to the tem-ple and gave him to the priests that they might teach him to serve in the ho-ly place.

He lived with the high priest, whose name was E-li.

Han-nah must have missed her lit-tle child. I think she must have gone oft-en to the tem-ple to see him. But she was true and good and was will-ing to let the boy learn to serve the Lord.

E-li was an old man and his sons did not treat him well; but Sam-u-el was al-ways sweet and lov-ing to him.

Sam-u-el wore a white lin-en dress just like the priests, and his moth-er brought him a lit-tle coat.

Han-nah had oth-er chil-dren af-ter Sam-u-el. Three boys and two lit-tle girls.

Now when Sam-u-el was still ver-y young God spoke to

him one day as he was serv-ing in the tem-ple wear-ing his soft white dress.

It was near night and all the peo-ple had gone out of

When Sam-u-el heard the voice the third time he said, Speak, Lord, for thy ser-vant hears.

the tem-ple, but the last lamp was still burn-ing. How dim and sol-emn it must have been!

Then a voice called: "Sam-u-el!"

The boy sprang up at once, for he thought that it was E-li. He ran and said: "Didst thou call? Here am I."

But from a-far E-li re-plied: "I did not call."

When Eli heard that his two sons were killed and the Ark taken, he feel down and broke his neck and died.

Sam-u-el turned back. It was late and he was sleep-y. He and E-li slept in the tem-ple.

Soon the voice again said: "Sam-u-el!" Then Eli said

that it must be God call-ing, and he told Sam-u-el to say: "Speak, Lord, for thy ser-vant hears."

Sam-u-el did so. And then in the still night God told the boy to warn E-li that sad things were to come to him and his sons.

Sam-u-el dread-ed to tell E-li this sad news, but he did, and E-li was too good and brave a man to cry out a-gainst what might be God's will.

Then all the peo-ple knew that lit-tle Sam-u-el was blessed more than most boys and was to be a true proph-et of the Great God.

Now the bad thing that came to E-li and his sons was this:

God had not told the chil-dren of Is-ra-el to take the ark in-to bat-tle with them. He meant that it should al-ways stay in the ho-ly place. But when the tribes went to do bat-tle with the Phil-is-tines they thought that they would win if they took the ark. So they took it and E-li's two sons car-ried it, shout-ing as they went. But God did not spare them; the foes won. The two sons were killed and the ark was ta-ken by the en-e-my, and when poor old E-li heard this he fell down and broke his neck and died.

The ark on-ly brought trou-ble on the ones who had ta-ken it, and in the end they sent it back, but it was not put in its old place: it was hid in the woods.

Then the chil-dren grew weak and the Phi-lis-tines grew strong and sad times fell on the dear land of prom-ise.

THE STO-RY OF KING SAUL.

THERE was in the land of Is-ra-el a young man named Saul. He was tall and strong and his fa-ther was a very rich man. One day some of the cat-tle were lost and Saul and a ser-vant went to look for them. They looked all day, but did not find them, and at night they came to the cit-y where Sam-u-el lived. Sam-u-el was not a boy now, but an old white-haired man whom all loved be-cause he was so good.

Now Sam-u-el came out to meet Saul and the young man was proud that the good old chief should come to meet him and take him in his house.

Saul could not think how Sam-u-el should know about him.

The next day Sam-u-el went with Saul, and the ser-vant and when they had gone a lit-tle way the ser-vant was sent a-head, and then Sam-u-el took some oil and put it on Saul's head and told him that he had been cho-sen by God to be king o-ver all the peo-ple of Is-ra-el.

So Saul was the first king of the chil-dren of Is-ra-el.

At the first, King Saul had a hard time, for the Phi-lis-tines were rul-ing the land and were a cru-el, bit-ter foe. In all the tribes of Is-ra-el no one could have a sword e-ven, and Saul and his son Jon-a-than were the on-ly ones who had a spear. The rest of the peo-ple had ax-es to fight with. They came to their new king ask-ing what they should do.

But Jon-a-than was not a-fraid, he was brave like his

fa-ther, and he said that he and one oth-er would creep a-long the rug-ged, steep path, and see what the Phi-lis-tines were do-ing in their camp be-low the hill.

Sam-u-el took some oil and put it on Saul's head and told him God had cho-sen him to be king o-ver Is-ra-el.

But as they drew near one of the foe saw them and cried out, "Come up to us and we will show you a thing."

Now Jon-a-than knew if the Lord want-ed to He could save a bat-tle with a few as well as with a large num-ber.

He told his friend so, and the friend trust-ed him and they crept a-long right in-to the camp. Then they sprang up and be-gan to fight. The foe thought a great host must be com-ing or these two men would not be so brave, and they ran as fast as they could.

The peo-ple in Saul's camp heard the noise and saw the foe run-ning, and they went after them and killed them as they ran. Then Saul was a great king you may be sure.

THE STO-RY OF RUTH.

ONE sum-mer day a good man went in-to his fields to see what his work-men and wo-men were do-ing. He was a ver-y kind mas-ter and he al-ways said to his ser-vants, "The Lord bless you;" and they stopt their work and re-plied, "The Lord bless thee."

This morn-ing he saw a-mong the glean-ers a young wo-man who had not been there be-fore.

You know the glean-ers go af-ter the oth-ers and take up what is left; they are near-ly al-ways poor peo-ple.

Now this young wo-man was very love-ly and the good man, whose name was Bo-az, asked some one who she was. He was told that her name was Ruth and that she was a daugh-ter-in-law of an old wo-man whose name was Na-o-mi. Now Bo-az, when he heard this want-ed to know more, for Na-o-mi was a cous-in of his, who long a-go had gone to a new home to live and he had not heard that she had come back. He did not tell who he was but he found out a-bout Ruth. Na-o-mi's son had mar-ried her in that land of Beth-le-hem-ju-dah where Na-o-mi had gone; but the young hus-band had died and all oth-ers who had been in Na-o-mi's home and so she, be-ing old and very poor, said that she would go back to her first home. Then Ruth had said: "I will not leave thee. Thy peo-ple shall be my peo-ple and thy God my God." That was a good deal for the young wife to say, for she could have stayed with her own peo-ple and had a nice home. If she went to Na-o-mi's land it

meant work and a strange place. But she loved a-o-mi and would not leave her in her old age.

So it was that she was glean-ing in Bo-az's fields to get food for her old moth-er.

When Bo-az heard Ruth's sto-ry he told his ser-vants to drop a good deal of wheat so that she might have plen-ty to take with her.

Af-ter Bo-az heard this ten-der sto-ry he told his servants to drop a good deal of wheat for Ruth so that she might have plen-ty to take with her. And when meal-time

came he told them to have Ruth eat with them and to give her of the best.

It was a cus-tom in that coun-try for the near-est friend of a dead hus-band, if he were a man, to buy what land was left and so care for the wid-ow all her life. Now there was a small field which Na-o-mi had, and when she knew that Bo-az was the one near-est to her, she sold him the field and he was good and kind and took care of old Na-o-mi and Ruth, and in the end mar-ried Ruth. So you see she was no long-er poor and lone-ly but rich and hap-py.

THE STO-RY OF DA-VID AND GO-LI-ATH.

You know God had said He would help Saul in all that he did, if he were good and did as God told him. And you know how Jon-a-than won a bat-tle o-ver the rob-bers and drove them a-way. But af-ter the bat-tle Saul the king took all the cat-tle for him-self and that was not what God want-ed him to do and he knew it. When Sam-u-el came Saul hid the cat-tle and said: "I have o-beyed the voice of the Lord." But Sam-u-el heard the sheep bleat-ing and he knew that Saul spoke not the truth.

Then Saul tried to ex-plain, but he was not re-al-ly sor-ry, so Sam-u-el told him that God would not let him be king, because He could no long-er trust him. But who would be the king? In all that fair land there did not seem to be an-y one bet-ter than Saul and yet you see God could not de-pend up-on him.

Now a-mong the hills that lie a-bove Beth-le-hem a lit-tle lad named Da-vid watched the sheep as they fed up-on the green grass.

He was the young-est of eight broth-ers, and one day he was at home a-lone, for all the rest had gone to a great feast: for the old priest Sam-u-el had come to vis-it the fa-ther and Da-vid was the on-ly one who could be spared to stay in the fields.

He thought that no one want-ed him, and the thought was a sad one for a lit-tle boy to have. But some one *did* want him. As he watched he saw a ser-vant com-ing up

the hill. The great priest Sam-u-el had sent for him! Here was an hon-or in-deed. He had no time to dress, but went as he was in his shep-herd dress and stood be-fore the old priest.

Sam-u-el smiled on Da-vid and took sa-cred oil and put it on his head and said "When you are old e-nough you shall be king of this land."

The good man smiled up-on the little lad and then took sa-cred oil, such as he had put on Saul's head, you know, and told Da-vid that in time when he was old e-nough he was to be the king of that land.

All the old-er broth-ers had passed be-fore Sam-u-el. They were good men but proud, and the priest knew that if they had great pow-er they would set their wills a-gainst God and be as sad a king as Saul, so this lit-tle shep-herd child was to be set a-side to be the king in that day when the Lord should need him.

Now, though Saul had beat-en the Phil-is-tines once, they kept com-ing back and do-ing great dam-age to the flocks and crops. At last Saul's ar-my and the rob-ber ar-my were up-on two hills fac-ing each oth-er with a wide val-ley be-tween.

Then out of the rob-ber ar-my came a huge gi-ant named Go-li-ath. There were real gi-ants in those days, and this one had three broth-ers quite as tall as him-self.

Go-li-ath was twice as tall as an-y man whom you ev-er saw ; he had a hel-met on his head and a plate of steel on his breast. He bore a shield in his hand ; also a man go-ing be-fore him bore one. He strode out in-to the val-ley and shout-ed out that he would fight an-y man in Saul's ar-my. Then if he killed the man the rob-bers would be mas-ters of all.

Now, when he called out that he would fight, there was not one man who dared say he would try a-gainst him.

So day by day the gi-ant walked in the val-ley and laughed at the foe and called them cow-ards.

At last a lit-tle shep-herd boy came in-to Saul's camp with some loaves of bread which had been sent to the sol-diers. He was a fair, pret-ty boy with gen-tle blue eyes and gold-en hair. Now, when he heard all the talk of the gi-ant and saw how a-fraid Saul's men were, he said that *he* would go out and fight Go-li-ath. This seemed too fun-ny, but the boy kept beg-ging and at last Saul said : " How dare you, a

mere boy, talk of fight-ing this gi-ant that my strong men dare not meet?"

The boy said that once when he was watch-ing his fa-ther's flocks a li-on and a bear had come and tried to take a-way a lamb. God had made him strong to kill both the wild beasts, and he knew that God would help him now.

Per-haps Saul, who was very brave him-self, want-ed to test this boy's cour-age. It may have been that he felt God *had* sent this lit-tle lad to save them all. Be that as it may, he want-ed to dress the child in his ar-mor, but it was far too large.

Then the boy took five small, smooth stones from a brook and put them in a long bag which he car-ried, and he took a sling made of leath-er with which he flung the stones, and so he went out in-to the green val-ley to meet the great gi-ant.

Go-li-ath was fierce when he saw the boy; he thought the foe were mak-ing fun of him. But the boy said: "You come with a sword, a spear and a shield; but I come to you in the name of the Lord of hosts." Then the child took one of his stones and slung it with the sling. It struck the gi-ant in the fore-head, and down he fell!

When he was dead, the boy ran to him, took the sword from his stiff hand and cut off the gi-ant's head. Then did the rob-bers run in great fear.

That lit-tle shep-herd lad was Da-vid, who was to be the king, you know; and be-cause he trust-ed God he won the bat-tle when a great ar-my dared not try.

The last thing a-bout Saul was ver-y sad. He grew to be so care-less tow-ard God that no one trust-ed him, and his men were driv-en from their own hills, and Saul saw that the land would lie in ru-ins if he did not leave the throne.

So he fell on his own sword and so took his own life. Then Da-vid be-came king, and he was such a good man that God said he would great-ly bless him. King Da-vid had a

When Go-li-ath fell down, Da-vid ran up to him and took the sword and cut off the gi-ant's head.

ba-by son, and he loved the child ver-y much. The ba-by be-came sick, and the king prayed that it might get well. But God did not let the ba-by live; it died, and the young king was ver-y sad. But he trust-ed God and knew that it

was best. "I shall go to my boy," he said, "but he will not come back to me." Then the king made some sweet songs and sang them. They were songs made from his true, tender heart, and if you read the Psalms in the Bi-ble I am sure you will think that King Da-vid was a great po-et.

Af-ter the death of that ba-by boy, Da-vid had more sons. One was named Ab-sa-lom. He was tall and handsome, and he had long, thick hair. But he was proud, and want-ed to be king. When Da-vid be-came old, this cru-el son got an ar-my to-geth-er and drove Da-vid a-way that *he* might take his place. Weep-ing and sad, and in poor clothes, the old king went in-to the rock-y hills, for he was a-fraid of his son.

The new ar-my threw stones at the old man as he fled, but the sol-diers of the true king drew near and said that they would help him. It was an aw-ful thing to hap-pen, but Da-vid had to fight a bat-tle with his own son, and Ab-sa-lom was beat-en and had to run a-way on a mule.

As he was go-ing through a dark wood, his thick hair caught on the branch-es of a tree, and he could not get it loose. The mule ran a-way and so the wick-ed son was left hang-ing.

Now poor old Da-vid loved Ab-sa-lom, and af-ter the bat-tle he told his men to go and seek his son and not to hurt him. The sol-diers found him hang-ing on the tree, and one of them who loved Da-vid said that if Ab-sa-lom was ta-ken back the fath-er would for-give him and then there would be more trou-ble. So he took his ar-row and killed Ab-sa-lom as he hung.

No word can tell how sad this made the king.

"My son! my son!" he cried, "would to God I had died for thee."

The peo-ple took Da-vid to the pal-ace and he was king a-gain, but oh! what a sad, sad king!

Now, though Da-vid was good, his peo-ple did wrong, so God sent a plague to the land, and ma-ny died.

As Ab-sa-lom rode through a dark wood, his thick hair caught on the branch-es of a tree and hung him.

Da-vid prayed that God would take the curse a-way, and as he prayed he saw the An-gel of Death with a drawn sword point-ing to Je-ru-sa-lem. Now the plague was not

yet there and the king prayed hard-er that it might not en-ter that cit-y.

Then God told Da-vid he must of-fer a sac-ri-fice on the thresh-ing-floor of Or-nan, near Je-ru-sa-lem, and then the plague should not reach the cit-y. Do you know what a thresh-ing-floor was? It was a flat rock on a hill where the corn was laid and ox-en drew boards a-cross it. On the un-der side of the board were spikes, and they cut the corn out of the ears. Now the thresh-ing-floor of Or-nan was the one where A-bra-ham had ta-ken I-saac to of-fer him to God so long a-go.

Or-nan was thresh-ing corn when King Da-vid came to buy the place. The good man Or-nan said that he would give the spot to the king; but Da-vid would not take it as a gift. He want-ed the sac-ri-fice to cost him some-thing. So he bought it and all the ox-en and corn. It was made a ho-ly place giv-en to the Lord, and in that day the plague was driv-en from the land.

We have not heard of the ark, where the tables of stone were kept, for a long time. It was in a silk tent and was safe-ly guard-ed. But King Da-vid want-ed to build a tem-ple for it where it could be kept al-ways.

But God said since Da-vid was a war-rior king he must not build the sa-cred place, but that Sol-o-mon, a son of Da-vid might build it, for he had nev-er fought in bat-tle. Da-vid was glad that God would let Sol-o-mon do this, and all the rest of the king's life he was bus-y get-ting gold, sil-ver, brass, i-ron and ce-dar wood for the ho-ly tem-ple. It was to be built on the moun-tain of Mo-ri-ah, the place where the thresh-ing floor had been, you know. Da-vid lived to be an old man, but, when he knew death was near, he asked all the peo-ple to give of the best that they had to the

tem-ple. And each one brought a good-ly gift and the king blessed it, and said: "All things come of Thee, and of Thine own we give Thee." Then he thanked all his peo-ple for lov-ing and be-ing so good and faith-ful to him. He told them to help Sol-o-mon, his son, who was to rule in his place, to be a good king.

Last he told his son to build the tem-ple and al-ways serve the Lord and to be a wise king o-ver the land they both loved. Then good King Da-vid died and went to God.

THE STO-RY OF SOL-O-MON.

When Sol-o-mon be-came the king he was but a boy. I think he felt how weak and young he was. He may have wor-ried o-ver it, for one night in a dream God asked him, "What shall I give thee?" and the boy told God how young he was, how hard it was go-ing to be for him to rule o-ver this great coun-try where the dear dead fa-ther had ruled so wise-ly, and he asked God to give him a heart that would know just what God want-ed him to do. He did not ask for rich-es or long life or to be strong a-gainst the foe, but he want-ed to be wise and true.

God was pleased with this wish and gave Sol-o-mon what he asked and much more al-so, as you will see.

In those days peo-ple came to their king with trou-bles and he oft-en had to de-cide hard cases.

One day two wo-men came be-fore the young king, one with a live ba-by in her arms, the oth-er with a dead one.

They said that they had lived in the same house, and one night one of them had rolled on her ba-by and killed it, then had tak-en the dead ba-by and put it by the oth-er wo-man, steal-ing the live ba-by for her own. Each wo-man said that it was the oth-er one who had done this dread-ful thing. It was a hard ques-tion for the boy king. At last he sent for the man who put pris-on-ers to death and said, since the wo-men could not a-gree, the ba-by must be cut in two, and each moth-er could have half.

One wo-man said that was a wise way to set-tle it; but

the oth-er cried out, "O, my lord, give her the child, do not kill it!"

Then did Sol-o-mon know which was the true moth-er.

When the true moth-er saw that the man was go-ing to cut her child in two, she cried, "O, my lord, do not kill the child, give it to her."

One was full of mean hate, and was will-ing to see the ba-by die; the true moth-er was glad to suf-fer if the dear ba-by might live.

So the king gave the child to its moth-er and the

wick-ed wo-man went a-way. King Sol-o-mon was the great-est in wis-dom and rich-es who had ev-er lived. His pal-ace was the great-est on earth. The throne was of i-vo-ry, with li-ons of gold on the steps. All the wood was sweet ce-dar. He had ships sail-ing all o-ver the world, and they came back full of rare stones and pure gold. His fame was so great that kings and queens in far lands heard of him, and the Queen of She-ba came to see him for she could not be-lieve all that she had heard.

When she saw the great cas-tle and heard the king's wise words she said that she had not heard half, and that the peo-ple should be proud to have such a king.

If you want to know some of the wise things this queen heard, read the Book of Prov-erbs in the Bi-ble. They are won-der-ful words and will last as long as the world lasts.

It is al-most too sad to tell, but when Sol-o-mon grew old-er he be-came less good. He bought wives from the hea-then, and did not e-ven teach these wo-men of his God, but let them wor-ship i-dols, and you know how God was al-ways an-gry at that.

Of course, when the peo-ple saw their great, wise king do-ing these things, they thought it must be right and that they could do them al-so.

Then did God speak and say that ten of the twelve tribes should be ta-ken a-way from the king. It was not to hap-pen while he lived, but when his son came to be king.

This was a sad blow to the great Sol-o-mon for the son, Re-ho-bo-am by name, was but a weak prince and with such a small king-dom all the glo-ry would pass a-way.

Not all, for you know God said to the good Da-vid that his king-dom should last al-ways. And God nev-er for-got.

In one of the tribes there was a strong, brave man named Jer-o-bo-am, and God sent an an-gel to him to tell him how the tribes were to be ta-ken from the son of Sol-o-mon, and to whom they were to be giv-en. Jer-o-bo-am had a new cloak on and the an-gel tore it into twelve parts, and gave Jer-o-bo-am ten of them. This was to show that Jer-o-bo-am was to be the lead-er of the ten tribes. But he must o-bey God and keep from i-dols.

Sol-o-mon's son, Re-ho-bo-am, did not know of this, but when he be-came king he was very sil-ly and did has-ty things. He would not lis-ten to the wise men whom his fa-ther had trusted, but took the ad-vice of young men as fool-ish as he was. At last the tribes of Is-ra-el came to him and asked him not to make them work so hard. The old, wise men told the young king to an-swer gen-tly and be kind. But he would not lis-ten and was ver-y cru-el. Then ten tribes said that no lon-ger would they own him as their king, and they chose Jer-o-bo-am just as God had said.

So now there were two kings in that land; a large host a-gainst a small one. But Jer-o-bo-am be-gan at once to dis-obey God. He made i-dols and set them up for wor-ship.

Then God spoke to a proph-et who lived in a far place, and told him to go to Jer-o-bo-am and warn him of his sin, but af-ter tell-ing him the man was to re-turn at once, not e-ven stop-ping to eat or drink. The proph-et went, and gave the warn-ing. At first King Jer-o-bo-am was ver-y an-gry and tried to strike the stran-ger, but God held his hand back. Then he felt a-fraid and asked the man to go to his pal-ace with him. But the proph-et said no: for God had told him not to wait. Ah! if he had on-ly done as well

la-ter on. But he was tired and he lay down un-der a tree to rest, and while he rest-ed a bad man came from Jer-o-bo-am's cit-y and told him that God had said that the proph-et was to turn back to a great feast.

Then Jer-o-bo-am and the ten tribes re-belled against Re-ho-bo-am and went by themselves.

So he went back and God was an-gry, and when at last the proph-et start-ed for home a great li-on rushed out up-on him and killed him.

THE STO-RY OF E-LI-JAH.

In the land of Is-ra-el there was much trou-ble. There were strange gods and the peo-ple were ver-y wick-ed.

At last God would not let an-y rain fall for three years. The corn died, there was noth-ing to eat or drink and all was like a des-ert.

There was one good man, a proph-et, and his name was E-li-jah. God took care of him. He lived in the moun-tain, and there was a ti-ny brook by his house, which nev-er ran dry. And each day two ra-vens brought bread to the good man.

In time the brook did get dry and God sent E-li-jah into a town. There E-li-jah saw a wo-man with a bun-dle of sticks; he asked her if she would give him some-thing to eat. The wo-man said she on-ly had a lit-tle meal and there was a son al-so to be fed.

E-li-jah told her to make him a small cake, for God had said that the meal should not grow less nor the oil fail until rain came.

The wo-man trust-ed and gave him the cake. It was just as E-li-jah had said. Day by day there was al-ways e-nough meal and oil to make cake for the three. But one sad day the wo-man's son died, and the moth-er wept for him. Then E-li-jah laid the boy on his bed and prayed God to have pit-y on the good wo-man. As he prayed the soul came back from the land of death and the lit-tle child lived.

Now, of all the proph-ets, E-li-jah was the on-ly one who

served the true God. He called the peo-ple to-geth-er in a high place and said that he would build an al-tar there, and that all the oth-er proph-ets should build one. On both al-

Each day the ra-vens brought bread for E-li-jah to eat, and he drank of the brook un-til it dried up.

tars a sac-ri-fice should be laid, and the sac-ri-fice which burnt first would prove which was the God the peo-ple should trust.

The al-tars were built, the wood placed and a ram laid on each pile. Then the wick-ed proph-ets prayed to their gods to send fire. But not a spark came.

Then E-li-jah put wa-ter on his pile, af-ter which he knelt down and prayed to God to show His pow-er.

Down came the fire from heav-en, and the peo-ple fell on their faces and cried: "The Lord, he is the God!"

Then came the rain on the thirs-ty land and the fam-ine was past.

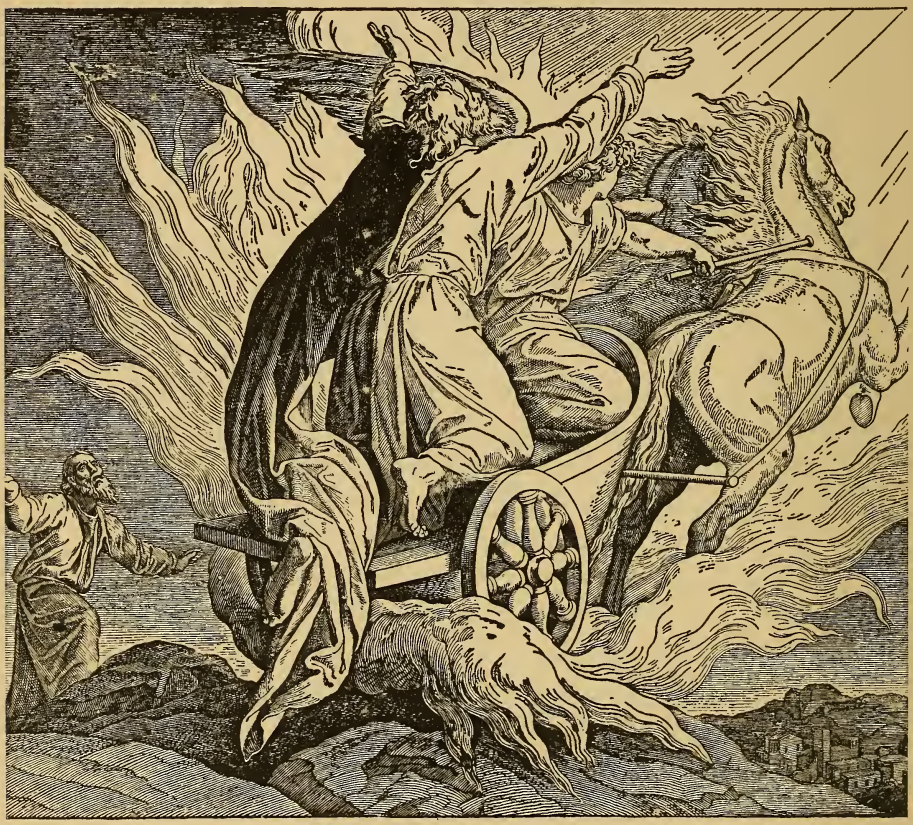
But some were an-gry that E-li-jah should have his way with the peo-ple, and at last they treat-ed him so bad-ly that he ran to the des-ert and, sit-ting un-der a tree, was sad to think that, af-ter all his love and care, the peo-ple should let him suf-fer.

He fell a-sleep; and when he a-woke an an-gel was stand-ing by him with bread and drink, which he bade E-li-jah take for there was a great jour-ney be-fore him. You see God had not for-got-ten the good old man, though men had.

It was in-deed a long jour-ney which he had to take. He was to go to that ho-ly mount where God had spo-ken to Mo-ses. When he reached it he hid in a cave and a voice said: "What do you here, E-li-jah?" And the old man told the sto-ry of his wrongs.

Then a great wind came roar-ing by. E-li-jah lis-tened, but he heard on-ly the wind. Then an earth-quake shook and broke the rocks, af-ter the earth-quake came fire, and then, when E-li-jah was sore a-fraid, a gen-tle voice spoke. It was God's voice and it told E-li-jah that there were still good men in the land he had just left and that he must go back and take up the work a-mong them; and e-ven if he could not see the good he must trust and work.

Long years did E-li-jah serve God. He told the peo-ple of their sins and tried to teach them a bet-ter way, but at last he was old and knew that he must leave his work for some one



While they were talk-ing a char-i-ot and horses flam-ing like fire, came and took E-li-jah up to heaven.

else to do. But E-li-jah was not to die as oth-ers die, he was to pass from earth in a way that I will tell you about. He took a dear friend with him; a young man nam-ed E-li-sha. E-li-jah had taught this boy and loved him ver-y much.

The two went to a riv-er called Jor-dan and up-on the bank E-li-jah rolled his man-tle up and struck the wa-ter with it. It was not the first time the wa-ter had part-ed for good men to pass-ov-er, as you know, and now they fell back and the two men passed o-ver to the oth-er side. Then E-li-jah said, "What shall I do for you, be-fore I am ta-ken a-way?" And E-li-sha said, "I pray you, let your spir-it be up-on me." He meant that he want-ed to be like this dear good friend and teach-er.

While they were talk-ing a char-i-ot and horses, flam-ing like fire, came from the clouds in a great wind. For a mo-ment E-li-sha was so blind-ed he could not see, but when he looked with clear-er eyes he saw E-li-jah in the char-i-ot go-ing up to heav-en.

E-li-jah threw his man-tle back, and it fell on young E-li-sha, and he went a-way a-lone, full of great thoughts.

E-LI-SHA.

Now E-li-sha was the good proph-et and he was like the old proph-et E-li-jah. All who saw him said so, and loved him for it.

There was one wo-man who of-ten watched E-li-sha, and per-haps she saw that he was of-ten tired do-ing so much for oth-ers, so she said she was go-ing to fit a room for him in her house, and when he want-ed to rest and be a-lone he could come there.

This made E-li-sha glad, and he said to the wo-man that he would ask God to give her what she want-ed most.

She said that she was hap-py a-mong her own peo-ple; there did not seem to be but one thing she longed for. She want-ed a lit-tle son. By and by the dear ba-by came, and I am sure the house where E-li-sha dwelt was a hap-py home.

I love to think that when the boy was old e-nough he of-ten went to the qui-et room and sat up-on the proph-et's knee. What sto-ries the good man could tell! I think he knew such tales as no one else could tell, for he had lived a long life, and be-side he could tell what was go-ing to hap-pen.

We know that the boy went to the fields with his fa-ther, for one day he was there and the hot sun made him ver-y ill.

"My head! my head!" he cried. They took him to

his moth-er, but she could not help him, and a-bout noon he died.

The moth-er did not stop to weep. She laid her lit-tle child gen-tly down; per-haps she on-ly kissed the dear qui-et face, then she rode a-way to seek E-li-sha. In that aw-ful hour she felt that he who had asked God to send the ba-by would help her in her sor-row.

Af-ter a long ride she met the good man, and knelt at his feet. She had no need to speak; he looked at her face, and he knew all. He may have known it be-fore, and was re-al-ly on his way to her.

He bade the ser-vant take his staff, and not to stop un-til he had touched the child's face with it. The ser-vant did as he was told, but came back and said the boy still lay dead.

Then E-li-sha went, and when he saw the lit-tle boy ly-ing so white and still on the bed, he threw him-self be-side him and prayed God to let the soul come back.

Then slow-ly the cold bod-y grew warm, the breath came soft-ly and the sweet eyes grew wide o-pen.

He was giv-en back to his moth-er, and a-gain the house was hap-py. I think E-li-sha must have loved chil-dren ver-y much, for they thought of him and spoke of him with love. At least one little girl did; and I am sure the boy who was brought back from death must have loved him.

The lit-tle girl a-bout whom I am go-ing to tell you was stol-en from her home in Is-ra-el and was ta-ken a-way to be a slave. Poor lit-tle child! She was of-ten lone-ly and sad, but she thought of her home and of E-li-sha; she nev-er for-got him. The mas-ter of this lit-tle cap-tive maid was named Na-a-man. He was the cap-tain of the ar-my—

a brave, strong man ; but he fell ill and the doc-tors could not cure him. The lit-tle girl was sor-ry for him, per-haps he had been kind to her. So she told her mis-tress that at

When E-li-sha came and found the lit-tle boy dead, he prayed God to let the soul come back and the boy lived a-gain and was given to his moth-er.

home in Is-ra-el there was a great proph-et, and if the mas-ter could go and see him she was sure that he would be cured.

She talked so much and so sweet-ly of the good man at

home, that at last Na-a-man said he would go. A char-i-ot car-ried him to the door of E-li-sha, and there he wait-ed, think-ing that the proph-et would come out and do some great thing.

But E-li-sha did not come out at all. He sent out word that Na-a-man should go and wash sev-en times in the riv-er Jor-dan. This made Na-a-man an-gry. He thought that he was be-ing made sport of. What good would bath-ing in the riv-er do him? The more he thought of it, the more an-gry he grew. But one of the ser-vants who was with him said: "If you had been told to do a great thing, you would have done it; why not try this sim-ple thing?" Na-a-man was wise e-nough to see how true this was. He did go and wash in the riv-er just as E-li-sha said; and when he came out of the wa-ter he was quite well a-gain.

Then Na-a-man did a thought-ful thing. He went back and thanked E-li-sha, and al-ways af-ter prayed to the true God.

The worst foes the tribes of Is-ra-el had now were the Syr-i-ans; but when the Syr-i-ans be-gan to wage war on the chil-dren they found the tribes were read-y for them. At first they thought one of their own men went and told. But no; it was E-li-sha; he al-ways knew, and told the king, Jo-ram, what to do.

Then the Syr-i-ans said that they must send men to kill the proph-et be-fore they could get the best of the tribes of Is-ra-el.

By night the Syr-i-ans came to where E-li-sha was and in the morn-ing the ser-vant saw that the house was guard-ed by ma-ny char-i-ots of the wick-ed foe.

"A-las, my mas-ter! what shall we do?" he cried.

E-li-sha did not fear: "They who are with us are more

than they who are a-gainst us," he said. Then a strange pow-er came to the ser-vant and he saw the hills and vales full of blaz-ing char-i-ots all come to save him and E-li-sha.

Then God kept the eyes of the Syr-i-ans from see-ing E-li-sha and he led the host right to King Jo-ram ; the king want-ed to kill them, but E-li-sha would not let him, and they were all sent safe home. They did not come back for a long time af-ter that. I think they were touched by the proph-et's kind-ness.

Now, if King Jo-ram had on-ly been good, the land would not have been in such trou-ble, but he had strange gods in the pal-ace and did wrong things, so God sent the Syr-i-ans a-gain. They came all a-round Sa-ma-ria and shut the peo-ple in. All the food soon went, and the poor peo-ple, in the cit-y, near-ly died of hun-ger.

Jo-ram thought that E-li-sha brought all this trou-ble on the king-dom and he said that he would cut off the proph-ets' head.

E-li-sha said gen-tly : " To-mor-row there will be plen-ty of food in the cit-y."

One of the king's men laughed, and said : " If the Lord should make win-dows in heav-en, such a thing might be."

E-li-sha turned to the man who had laughed and said sad-ly, " Your eyes shall see it, but you shall not eat of the food."

That night God made the Syr-i-ans hear a great noise and they thought that an ar-my had been sent to help the chil-dren of Is-ra-el, and they were a-fraid, and ran a-way. But they left their tents, all their ar-mor, and all their food.

In the ear-ly morn-ing some poor lep-ers thought that they would go and beg food from the Syr-i-ans ; but when they came to the place they found no one there, but there

was plen-ty of food, and so they fell up-on that and ate all they could.

When they could eat no more they went and told the king. He could not be-lieve it and sent two sol-diers out to see. They came back and said in-deed it was true. Then the hun-gry men rushed mad-ly out of the cit-y and strove to get the food.

Now the man who had laughed at E-li-sha's words was set by the cit-y gate to keep or-der.

But what or-der could he keep in that hun-gry crowd? He was knocked down and trod-den up-on. So you see he died be-fore he had tast-ed the food, though he was near e-nough to see it all.

Now, when Jo-ram the king had ruled twelve years, God told E-li-sha to a-noint a young man named Je-hu to be the king. You know how oil was put on the head of the one set a-side to be the king?

Well, Je-hu was a cap-tain in the ar-my, and the oth-er cap-tains were glad to think of Je-hu be-ing king, for he was a brave man and a good sol-dier. As soon as it was known that Je-hu was to be king his ar-my set out to con-quer the wick-ed king, Jo-ram. But Jo-ram was read-y and met them on the way. Jo-ram was sit-ting in his char-i-ot, and when Je-hu saw him he shot an ar-row and it struck Jo-ram so that he died at once.

So the great sol-dier, Je-hu, be-came the king. His men took all the peo-ple who had an-y god but the true God, and put them in the tem-ple and killed them.

When the time came for good old E-li-sha to die the king of Is-ra-el came and sat by his bed-side. He want-ed to hear what wise words the proph-et might say ere he went a-way nev-er to come back. E-li-sha said: "O-pen the win-dow to

the east." The king did so. "Now," said the old man, "shoot," and the king took a bow and shot an arrow. The king said that it was the ar-row of the Lord's de-liv-er-ance. Then he told the king to strike the ground ma-ny times.

But the king on-ly struck three times. In those old days the great les-son that was taught, and was so hard to learn, was to o-bey *just* as one was told. The peo-ple want-ed to do *their* way and not as was told them, and that is why they had so much trou-ble.

Now the king on-ly struck the ground three times. E-li-sha told him that had he struck more times he would have had more suc-cess o-ver the Syr-i-ans, but now he would on-ly con-quer them three times.

Then did the great proph-et die and it came to pass just as he had said.

The king won three bat-tles and that was all.

THE STO-RY OF HEZ-E-KI-AH.

THIS is to be a sto-ry of a true, good king and af-ter all the bad ones I am sure that you will be glad to hear it.

He was twen-ty five years old when he was made king and he ruled for near-ly thir-ty years. He did all that God would have him do. He broke the i-dols and was true and good and tried to make the peo-ple so too.

When he had ruled four years the cru-el king of As-syr-i-a thought that he would con-quer the young king and take his peo-ple for slaves. He did come with all his great ar-my and did much harm. He did not go in-to Je-ru-sa-lem at once him-self, but he sent some men to stand out-side the high wall and call out to the peo-ple in-side and wor-ry them by say-ing that the boy king could not save them from the might-y king of As-syr-ia.

The peo-ple in-side at last be-came a-fraid, but Hez-e-ki-ah knew that in some way God would help him and show him just what to do. Then the cru-el king sent a let-ter to Hez-e-ki-ah and told him that he might as well give Je-ru-sa-lem up, for he was go-ing to take it an-y way, and that not e-ven God could help Hez-e-ki-ah a-gainst such a great host. Hez-e-ki-ah went to the tem-ple and prayed to God. He said that he knew that he and his peo-ple were weak, but that God was strong-er than an-y-thing on earth, and he knew that it would be right in the end.

God heard that pray-er, and said that the foe should not reach the walls of the cit-y, nor throw one ar-row in; but that the wick-ed king should flee by the way that he had

come. This seemed a strange thing to hap-pen when the arm-y was so near. But that ver-y night, while the sav-age men slept, the an-gel of the Lord passed o-ver their camp and man-y hun-dreds of men were killed by an aw-ful sick-ness. Then in-deed did the cru-el king turn and flee from be-fore Je-ru-sa-lem.

The next king was Jo-si-ah, and he was good al-so, but not quite as good as Hez-e-ki-ah. One day in the tem-ple he found a book that no one seemed to know a-bout. It was the first five books of the Bi-ble, and there they had been hid-den for years. There were some laws in the book which no one knew, and when the priests read them to King Jo-si-ah and his men they were all a-fraid, for they saw that with-out know-ing it they had been break-ing some of Mo-ses' laws. Then Jo-si-ah sent to a ver-y good wo-man in the ci-ty and told her all a-bout it, and asked her if she thought God would for-give if they all tried to o-bey the laws. But she said that much of the woe that had been was be-cause those laws had been lost, and men had been care-less ; but, since Jo-si-ah had been good and earn-est, noth-ing would hap-pen to him. So, af-ter thir-ty years of be-ing king, Jo-si-ah was killed in a bat-tle. It seems that he must have had pow-er to make his peo-ple good, for just as soon as he died they be-came wick-ed and had i-dols and did wrong just as though he had not taught them bet-ter. The sons who ruled af-ter Jo-si-ah were bad and cru-el and the peo-ple were a-fraid of them, and the land was not a hap-py place. There was on-ly one man who was not in dread of the king. That was Jer-e-mi-ah. When he was but twelve years old God had made him a proph-et, and he was brave and fear-less. He told the king if he was hard and sin-ful noth-ing would save him from God's an-ger, and that all would be glad when he died.

THE STO-RY OF JER-E-MI-AH.

Now the good proph-et Jer-e-mi-ah, found that talk-ing to the king did no good, so he wrote all the words that God want-ed the peo-ple to know on a scroll of parch-ment. (They had no pa-per in those days; the parch-ment was made of thin skin.) When the words were read-y a man by the name of Ba-ruch took them to the tem-ple and read them to the peo-ple. The words said that un-less the peo-ple turned and be-came good they would be ta-ken as slaves to a strange land. The peo-ple who heard these words were filled with fear, but some of the king's great friends were near, and they knew that the king would be an-gry if he knew what had been done. So they said that Ba-ruch and Jer-e-mi-ah must go a-way and hide, and that they would take the scroll and read the warn-ing to the king.

They did take the parch-ment, and for a lit-tle while the king sat qui-et and heard. Then he grew an-gry and cut the thing in pieces and burnt it.

This was fool-ish, and if the king had on-ly heard and paid heed much troub-le would have been spared.

Soon af-ter that a cru-el arm-y came and shut all the peo-ple up in the cit-y. The king was put in chains, and he died a sad death, but no one cared, for he had not made friends. All feared him, and were glad he was gone.

By and by a new king, who was an un-cle of the wick-ed king, ruled. His name was Zed-e-ki-ah. The chil-dren of Is-ra-el were not ver-y strong in those days, and their

king had to do as oth-er kings said. The king of Bab-y-lon told Zed-e-ki-ah that he might rule if he paid some mon-ey each year to him, and said that he was the strong-er king.

This was hard for the king of Is-ra-el and the peo-ple to bear; but God told them through Jer-e-mi-ah that they must o-bey and be gen-tle if they wished to live in peace. You see, through their own sins, they had be-come weak and help-less, and now they must suf-fer.

But King Zed-e-ki-ah was a bad man, and this or-der made him an-gry. Jer-e-mi-ah urged him to o-bey, but he would not, and he had the proph-et put in-to a pit, with noth-ing to eat or drink. There he would have died, but a kind black man went to the king and plead for the proph-et. The king said the man might save Jer-e-mi-ah. And so the wise proph-et was brought from the pit, and went to see the king when no one knew of the vis-it. A-gain he told Zed-e-ki-ah not to make a war, but to be pa-tient. The king was not an-gry this time, but he said that the peo-ple want-ed war, and he was a-fraid of them. Then he told the black man to care for Jer-e-mi-ah, but that neith-er of them must tell of the vis-it.

In the end the great arm-y of the King of Bab-y-lon took the fair cit-y of Je-ru-sa-lem. The fine houses were burnt and pulled down and the king and his house-hold were put in pris-on in Bab-y-lon.

Now in the love-ly cit-y of Je-ru-sa-lem on-ly sad ruins were left. Poor peo-ple were left to be free there and take care of the crops and grapes. The proph-et Jer-e-mi-ah was a-mong them. He wrote some sad songs which he taught the peo-ple to sing as they worked in their ru-ined cit-y. And he told them to be brave and o-bey the King of Bab-y-lon, for af-ter sev-en-ty years the hard times would be o-ver

and that those who had gone a-way would re-turn, and the tem-ple would be built and joy would come.

It is hard to be-lieve, but af-ter all that the peo-ple had

Then the King of Bab-y-lon came with a great ar-my and took the chil-dren of Is-ra-el cap-tive and made them his slaves.

known they were still wil-ful and would have their own way. They said they were a-fraid of the King of Bab-y-lon while they stayed there, they thought it bet-ter to go to E-gypt.

Jer-e-mi-ah told them o-ver and o-ver a-gain to lis-ten

to his words, but no: a-way they would go and they took the proph-et with them by force.

And what did they gain? Why, in a lit-tle time the King of Bab-y-lon with a great arm-y went to E-gypt where they were and there took them and made them slaves, and harmed them much more than if they had stayed in Je-ru-sa-lem and done what Jer-e-mi-ah told them to do.

A-mong the cap-tives that went in-to Bab-y-lon was a proph-et by the name of E-ze-ki-el and he kept al-ways tell-ing the oth-er chil-dren of Is-ra-el, who were cap-tives al-so, how wrong they had been, af-ter all that God had done, to turn so ma-ny times from Him and wor-ship oth-er gods. Now, when the Is-ra-el-ites came to Bab-y-lon, some had to work in the fields and some worked in shops.

The land round Bab-y-lon was not rich as the land of Ca-naan was. It was a flat coun-try with wide riv-ers flow-ing through it. But when the times were dark-est God al-ways let E-ze-ki-el know by dreams that in the end the chil-dren of Is-ra-el should go back to their own dear land, and I am sure that be-lief made the proph-et hap-py when all else was dark.

A-mong the Jews who were ta-ken to Bab-y-lon were some lit-tle prin-ces who had al-ways lived in a rich home and had bright eas-y lives.

Now they were slaves, and had to work at hard tasks with no one to love or care for them. Worst of all for them, though, they had to eat bro-ken food that was left from the king's table. And you see the meat the king ate was the meat that had first been giv-en to i-dols. Now these three little prin-ces knew that they should not eat this meat and two of them tried not to but in the end were so hun-gry that they took it, but one did not, and now I am go-ing to tell you a-bout him.

THE STO-RY OF DAN-IEL.

This lit-tle boy named Dan-iel was not o-ver twelve but he knew that in his own dear home it was thought wrong to eat meat which had been giv-en on the al-tar to false gods, so, al-though he was hun-gry and liked good things as well as oth-er chil-dren, he begged his mas-ter, Mel-zar, not to give him and the other boys any more meat but just feed them on wa-ter and beans.

Mel-zar said that if they ate on-ly that they would be sick and then the king would be an-gry.

Dan-iel then asked that they might be fed on it for ten days. So for ten days they ate noth-ing else and at the end of that time were fair and fat and well.

Mel-zar learned to love these boys very much for they were so hon-est and good and he trust-ed them like lit-tle prin-ces in-stead of poor slaves. Oh, those were bitter days for the chil-dren of Is-ra-el! They had to wor-ship a great gold i-dol ev-er-y time the king's mu-sic sound-ed, and the king said if any one did *not* fall down to pray be-fore the i-dol, he should be thrown into a small house filled with fire. A good many peo-ple who did not want to wor-ship the gold-en god were a-fraid not to af-ter that aw-ful threat.

Three men were brave e-nough to say that they would not o-bey the wick-ed king, and when the mu-sic sound-ed they did not kneel; they said their God would help them.

The king was ver-y an-gry at this and had them cast in-to the fire. The heat was so great that the men who

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bound and threw the good men in were bad-ly burned. But the fear-ful heat on-ly melt-ed the bands which bound the poor men and so set them free. Then as the king looked, think-ing to see them suffer and die, Lo! a bright an-gel was with them in the flames and no harm could touch them.

Then the great king was a-fraid and said that in all the land no one should say a word a-gainst the God who had spared the three brave men from the flames.

The King of Bab-y-lon had a strange dream. He saw a tall tree full of leaves and a-mong the leaves bright birds sang and made nests; as he looked the king saw a bright bird come from heav-en and it said that the tree must be cut down till it was on-ly a stump, and that i-ron bands should be put a-bout it, and that it should be wet with dew till sev-en years had gone by.

The king was wor-ried over this dream and sent for Dan-iel. You know about Dan-iel and what a brave lit-tle boy he had been a-bout the meat? Well, now he was a proph-et in a strange land and told the peo-ple what was go-ing to hap-pen.

When Dan-iel heard the king's dream he was so sad that he could hard-ly speak. Then he said that the king was the tree, and great and strong as he was then, he must soon be-come weak and have no sense at all. He would have to leave the grand pal-ace, and live in the o-pen fields get-ting his food as the cat-tle did theirs. The dew would lie on him and he should have no home for ma-ny years; then his sense would come back and he would re-turn to the pal-ace. The king was a-fraid when he first heard this, but when he thought how strong and well he was, he did not be-lieve it. One day he was in his fine pal-ace look-ing out

o-ver the cit-y of Bab-y-lon and think-ing that it was all his, when a voice spoke and said that the time was come.

Then with-out one word of warn-ing more than that, Bab-y-lon's great king be-came mad and he ran out a-mong the hills with the beasts and ate like them. A band of i-ron was put a-round his bod-y and so the poor king went for sev-en wea-ry years, and when the sev-en years were past his mind be-came well, and he went back to rule in the pal-ace. One of the first things he did then was to urge his peo-ple to hon-or the God that wise Dan-iel loved.

I think the king was a bet-ter king af-ter he got well, but there were ma-ny trou-bles in Bab-y-lon. Af-ter that king, whose name was Neb-u-chad-nez-zar, his grand-son ruled and his name was Bel-shaz-zar. This king was a vain, sil-ly man and e-ven when the foes of the Medes and Per-sians came up-on him he just cared for noth-ing but fun and pleas-ure.

He did not think the foe could get in the cit-y. He thought the wall was too strong and high, and if they did not get in, what did he care ?

So while the ar-my stood with-out the gates he made a great feast and had the sil-ver bowls and gold can-dle-sticks which had been brought from the ho-ly tem-ple in the land of Ca-naan. Then all the lords and princ-es were mer-ry round the ta-ble and laughed and shout-ed and for-got how near dan-ger was.

All at once the joy-ous noise grew still. An aw-ful fear filled the long hall. Just o-ver the can-dle-sticks on the wall was seen a hand. No arm or bod-y, just a firm white hand, and the fin-gers moved slow-ly a-long and as they went flam-ing let-ters were formed.

At last there were four words, but no one could read them.

The king shook in fear. He was not brave at an-y time and this was a most dread-ful thing. They all tried to read

King Bel-shaz-zar sent for Dan-iel and he read the writ-ing on the wall.

the mag-ic words ; but no one could do it. There they blazed on the wall, what could they mean ? At last the queen, the king's moth-er, spoke and told her son that he had best send for Dan-iel, for the old king had trust-ed him

af-ter he had told what the strange dream had meant. So the king sent in a hur-ry for the proph-et. Dan-iel came and looked at the strange writ-ing: he knew at once what the words were.

They meant that the king was but a poor king to rule o-ver Bab-y-lon and that the Medes and Per-sians would take his king-dom from him.

And while Dan-iel was read-ing the writ-ing and the king was sit-ting in the hall Cy-rus, the king of the Per-sians, with his men were dig-ging ditch-es under the walls, and that ver-y night he came in-to Bab-y-lon and killed the fool-ish king.

Af-ter long years there was a prince a-mong the Jews who were cap-tive in Bab-y-lon named Zer-ub-ba-bel. He would have been a king in time had the peo-ple stayed in Je-ru-sa-lem and done what God said, but, as it was, the King of Bab-y-lon let him take his peo-ple back to their own coun-try; on-ly he could not be a king. He must sim-ply lead them and o-bey the King of Bab-y-lon. He and the chil-dren of Is-ra-el were glad to go e-ven so. They were hum-ble now and home-sick for their dear coun-try. But oh, what a changed coun-try it was! All was ru-in. Grass grew in the streets and the houses were in heaps on the ground.

The first thing they did when they got home was to build a tem-ple in the place where the fine tem-ple of Sol-o-mon used to stand. This sec-ond tem-ple could not be grand and love-ly, for the Jews were ver-y poor. The old men and wo-men who had known the oth-er tem-ple cried when they saw this poor one. The young peo-ple were glad to have a tem-ple of their own once more, e-ven if it was a poor one. But, to com-fort the old-er peo-ple, a wise proph-et

told them not to feel so sad, that by and by the lit-tle tem-ple would be great-er than Sol-o-mon's for all its glo-ry.

Now, when the Jews were all back in their old land,

After long years the King of Bab-y-lon sent the chil-dren of Is-ra-el back to their own coun-try. But oh, what a changed coun-try it was!

Zer-ub-ba-bel, the lead-er, took for him-self a lit-tle spot of land a-mong the hills. It was the vil-lage of Beth-le-hem, and it was there that Da-vid had watched the flocks when he was a lit-tle shep-herd boy.

The lead-er made a home in that small place, and there were one hun-dred and twen-ty-three peo-ple with him. It was hard work for them to build houses and make the land rich, but they were faith-ful, and in the end made it the dear cit-y where by and by the child Je-sus should be born. A proph-et had told them that great things should come out of Beth-le-hem and they trust-ed, and made the place read-y.

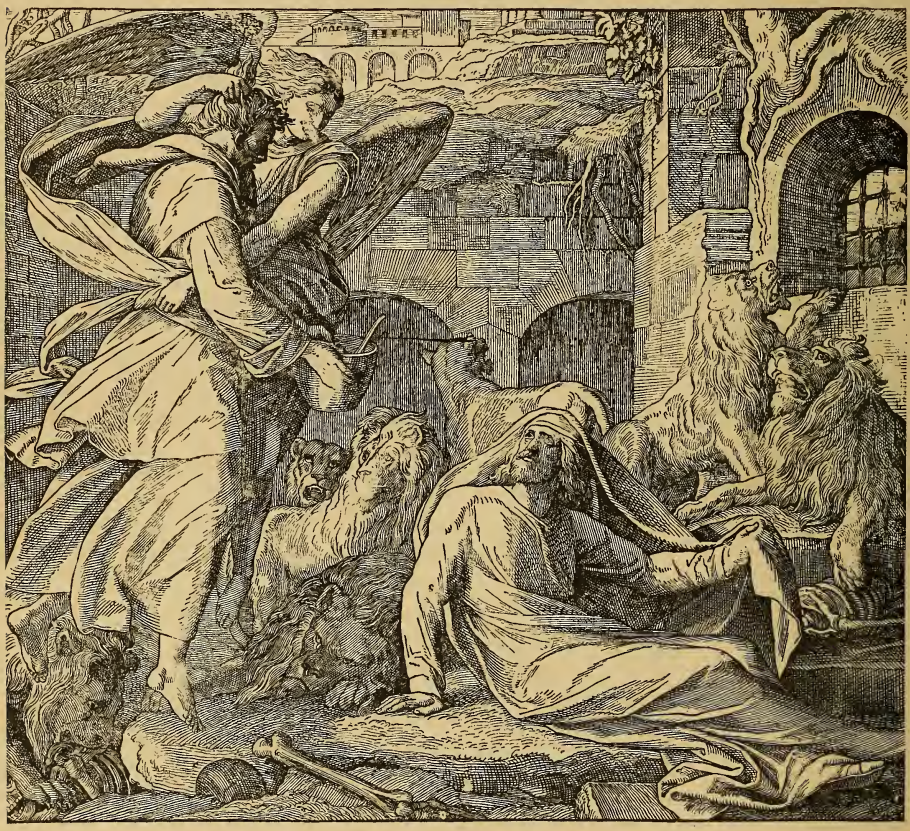
While the Jews worked and prayed in their own land, a new king ruled in Bab-y-lon; his name was Da-ri-us. For some rea-son the peo-ple loved him as if he were a god, and at last they asked him to pass a law that for thir-ty days no one should pray to an-y god but him, and if an-y should they should be cast in a den of li-ons. Da-ri-us thought this made him seem great and a-bove oth-er kings, so he made the law. When a law was once made in that land it could not be changed, so you see for thir-ty days Da-ri-us was the one god.

Now in the cit-y of Bab-y-lon lived Dan-iel, he had not gone a-way with the Jews, and ev-er since he was a lit-tle boy he had al-ways prayed to the one true God, and now that he was an old man, he was not go-ing to change and pray to the fool-ish young king. So day af-ter day he brave-ly put his win-dow up and three times prayed to his God, with his gen-tle face set to-ward the dear cit-y of Je-ru-sa-lem, his long lost home.

Some one went and told the king what Dan-iel was do-ing, then was the weak king sor-ry he had made such a law, for he liked Dan-iel and trust-ed his wise words. But you see the king could not help him-self. He could not break the law he had made him-self, and now old Dan-iel, the good brave man, must be thrown to the li-ons and die.

There was just one hope: The king did not be-lieve in

the true God but all his life he had heard of strange things a-bout what that God could do for them who trust-ed Him, and he hoped at the last, in some way, Dan-iel would be saved.



While Dan-iel was in the Li-ons' den, God sent an-gels to help him and to keep the Li-ons from hurt-ing him.

But the time came and the old proph-et was ta-ken from his home and borne to the den of li-ons. God had not helped him yet.

He was put in the aw-ful place, and the door shut and locked. The king then gave up hope and was so sad that he could not sleep.

When day came ma-ny peo-ple ran to the den and the king was a-mong the first.

He cried through the door and asked Dan-iel if God had been a-ble to save him.

A mo-ment he wait-ed and then came a gen-tle voice; it was Dan-iel's voice, and it said that God had sent an an-gel to help him and that he was safe and the li-ons would not harm him.

How glad the king was! He was more weak than wick-ed and it made him hap-py to know that Dan-iel was not dead. The good man was brought up from the den, and I am sure that he was glad-ly wel-come.

THE STO-RY OF ES-THER.

In Per-sia was a young Jew-ish girl named Es-ther. She had no fa-ther or moth-er and a near re-la-tion brought her up and was kind to her.

One day a strange mes-sage came to her ; she was to leave her home and go to the king's pal-ace. The king had sent out for all the hand-some maid-ens to come be-fore him. The one who was the most beau-ti-ful was to be his queen, all the oth-ers were to be his slaves and live in the pal-ace. In ei-ther case poor Es-ther must leave her hap-py home, and live a-mong stran-gers.

Es-ther would not put on fine clothes to make her-self more love-ly, she went sad and qui-et, but when the king saw her she was so fair and sweet that he chose her at once and she be-came the queen. You may sup-pose that now she was to be hap-py and have all that she want-ed, for to be a queen means a great deal ; but poor Queen Es-ther was not to be hap-py, she had much sor-row. She was shut up, and no one from her old home could come and see her : she could not e-ven go to her hus-band, the king, un-less he sent for her ; had she gone with-out his con-sent she would have been put to death.

Her kins-man, with whom she had lived, went each day to the pal-ace gate and there wait-ed to hear of Es-ther. I think he must have loved her ver-y much and missed her from his home.

Now a-mong the king's men was one named Ha-man.

He was a proud man and when he passed in the streets he liked to see peo-ple bow and kneel to him. But he was a ver-y wick-ed man and God had told the Jews not to bow to him or have an-y-thing to do with him.

When the King saw Esther, she was so fair and sweet that he made her his queen at once.

So Mor-de-cai, Est-her's kins-man, from his seat by the pal-ace gate watched Ha-man go by but would not bow to him.

This made the proud man ver-y an-gry, and at last he could bear it no long-er. He said that he would have all the Jews put to death. So he went to the king and told him false things a-bout the Jews and made the king believe them. At last the king said that on a cer-tain day all the Jews should die. Now Mor-de-cai heard this aw-ful plot and he got some one to car-ry a se-cret let-ter to Queen Es-ther beg-ging her to go to the king and tell him how Ha-man had been false, and per-haps the king would spare the Jews.

The poor queen was in a sad plight. If she went to the king with-out him send-ing for her then *she* must die, and un-less she went and did what she could for her peo-ple then they would all die a cru-el death. At last she thought it best that one should die rath-er than ma-ny. She would give her life for those she loved. She wore her rich-est robes, the ones the king liked best, and sweet and fair, but al-most faint from fear, she went a-lone to his court. When he saw her she was so love-ly that he smiled and touched her with his gold-en scep-tre. That meant that she would not be put to death. He asked her why she had come, and what she want-ed ; she said she had come to in-vite him to a feast in her own rooms.

She thought if the king was pleased with her and would come to her a-lone, she could then tell him of the cru-el plot and beg him to save the Jews. The king went to her feast, and she told him all ; her love for them who had loved her was sweet to see, and the king grew an-gry as she told the wick-ed thing Ha-man had done, and when she had end-ed her sto-ry the king sent out word that Ha-man should be hung for his sins, and so, be-cause queen Es-ther was willing to die for her peo-ple, the king loved her the more and spared the Jews.

THE STO-RY OF NE-HE-MI-AH.

As you know, when the Jews were al-low-ed to go back to their own land, ma-ny of them stayed in Bab-y-lon. Per-haps some had grown fond of the place, or may-be their mas-ters would not let all go. Now, a-mong those who stayed was a good Jew named Ne-he-mi-ah; he was a cup-bear-er to the king, and the king liked him and was good to him. One day a Jew came all the way from Je-ru-sa-lem to tell this cup-bear-er a-bout his old home.

We know how brave-ly the Jews had worked to build up the fair city, but they were hav-ing a sor-ry time. As fast as they built, rob-ber bands would come in and steal and kill. The tem-ple was part-ly built, but the place was all ru-ins near it and the peo-ple were los-ing hope.

When Ne-he-mi-ah heard this he cried and felt ver-y sad; for though he lived in Bab-y-lon he loved his old home and want-ed it to be-come a great city a-gain. When he went in to wait up-on the king and queen, they saw how sad he looked, and asked him what was the cause. Then he told them the news his friend had brought, and he begged the king to let him go back to Je-ru-sa-lem, to help the poor peo-ple. The king said that he might go if he got back with-in a set time. Ne-he-mi-ah said that he would do so, and be-gan at once the long jour-ney to Je-ru-sa-lem. When he got there he found things just as bad as the friend had said. The great wall was in ru-ins, and a pile of stones stood where the gate had once been.

Then Ne-he-mi-ah talked to the Jews and made them

brave to go a-bout the hard work. The rob-ber bands laughed at them and said that they could not build a wall to keep them out. The cru-el foes used to come on them as they worked, and they had to be read-y to fight when a

Then Ne-he-mi-ah and the Jews set to work to build the wall a-round Je-ru-sa-lem and when any foes ap-peared the watch-man blew the trum-pet.

trum-pet blew. Do you not think they were brave men to work un-der such tri-als? They kept on, and in the end the wall was built and the gate hung in its place, and for the time they were safe from the rob-bers.

THE STO-RY OF JOB.

In the far east there dwelt a man named Job; he was a ver-y rich and a ver-y good man. He had sev-en sons and three daugh-ters, and a great ma-ny ser-vants and cat-tle. And though he was such a good and ho-ly man there were ma-ny who en-vied him and thought that God gave him too much. They said that Job would not be so good and brave if he had things to wor-ry him; but that God had set him a-mid all that was rich and fine, and it was lit-tle praise that Job should have for be-ing good. Then God said that all which be-longed to Job should be ta-ken from him to show those peo-ple that e-ven in tri-al Job was good and true, and would trust God.

So one day when all his chil-dren were hav-ing a feast on their old-est broth-er's birth-day a ser-vant came to Job and told him that a band of rob-bers had come in-to the field where ma-ny of Job's men were work-ing, and had killed the ser-vants and sto-len the cat-tle. That one man was the on-ly one left to tell the sad sto-ry.

Just when that ser-vant was through, a sec-ond came run-ning. He and oth-ers had been in an-oth-er place tend-ing sheep, when lo! a fire from heav-en had come and had burned all the sheep and men, leav-ing him on-ly a-live.

Then came a third and said that an-oth-er band of rob-bers had sto-len the cam-els and killed the men who were with them.

Now Job was not at the feast in his son's house, but in

his own ; when he heard this dread-ful news, just as he was think-ing of go-ing to his chil-dren a man came and said, that while the peo-ple were eat-ing and drink-ing a great

Job's three dear friends came to com-fort him when they heard of his sick-ness and trials.

wind had come from out the des-ert and had torn down the son's house and all who were in it lay dead.

Then poor Job fell on his knees and wept and prayed. He said that he knew God had the right to take that which

He had giv-en, and Job blessed the name of God e-ven while his heart broke in woe.

Af-ter all this the peo-ple who did not love Job said

Af-ter God had proved Job and found him faith-ful he gave him more friends and wealth than he had ta-ken a-way.

that al-though he had had all ta-ken from him, yet he himself was not hurt. If God made Job suf-fer from pain then per-haps he would show that he would turn from God.

Then poor Job be-came ill; great sores broke out all o-ver his bod-y and he was full of pain.

His wife then said to him that she would not serve a God who made him suf-fer so, but Job said that it was foolish to love God on-ly when He gave gifts and life was happy. One must love God e-ven when life was most hard.

Job had three dear friends, and when they heard of his tri-als they all came to see him. They meant to com-fort him, but in-stead of cheer-ing him and help-ing him to bear his pain and grief, they all sat for sev-en days and did noth-ing but moan and cry.

Then they tempt-ed Job and tried to turn him a-way from God, but he was faith-ful, and spoke ma-ny words of great wis-dom and beau-ty e-ven when he felt the sad-dest. So did this good man prove that noth-ing could turn him from the true God, and all the peo-ple saw and knew it. Then God gave him more than had been ta-ken a-way. He had oth-er chil-dren and great wealth. He lived to be one hun-dred and for-ty years old.

THE STO-RY OF JO-NAH.

THERE was a great cit-y called Nin-e-veh and all the peo-ple in it were so wick-ed that God sent a good man named Jo-nah to warn the peo-ple and try to make them bet-ter. Jo-nah start-ed, but in-stead of do-ing as God told him, he went to Tar-shish for he was a-fraid to go in-to the wick-ed cit-y. God would have taken care of him but he did not trust God e-nough.

Jo-nah went in a ship to Tar-shish, but on the way God sent a wind and the great ship was al-most wrecked ; it rose and fell and rolled in the waves un-til the men on board thought that all was lost. The sail-ors were hea-then men who had ma-ny gods and i-dols, and they cried to all of them to save them. Then they cast the car-go into the wa-ter ; they thought if they made the ship light, *that* might do some good. Through all the storm Jo-nah lay a-sleep way down in the ship. Still the ship rocked and rolled e-ven af-ter the load had been cast in-to the sea. Then the men thought that it was be-cause some wick-ed man was on board that God had sent such an aw-ful storm. And they said that they would draw lots and see who should be cast in-to the sea so that the storm would cease. They waked Jo-nah up and drew lots with the oth-ers, and it fell to his share to be cast in the sea.

Then the men said to Jo-nah that he was the cause of all the trou-ble, and they asked him what trade he worked at, and where he came from and to what peo-ple he be-

longed. And Jo-nah told them that he was a Jew, and that he trust-ed the God who had made the sea and the dry land. And Jo-nah told them how he had not done what God told him to do, and then were they more a-fraid, and Jo-nah see-ing how things were told them to throw him in the sea, that they might be safe; for he felt that the storm was sent be-cause of his sin. The men did not want to drown Jo-nah, so they worked and tried to get to the land. Hard-er and hard-er the storm blew, and at last the men knew that they could not save the ship in that storm, so they took Jo-nah and cast him in-to the sea. Then the waves grew calm and gen-tle, and the men gave thanks. But where was Jo-nah? God had not meant to let him die, for He still had work for him to do; down be-side the ship was a great fish, like a whale, and when Jo-nah fell in-to the wa-ter the fish swal-lowed him, not hurt-ing him at all.

For three days and nights Jo-nah was in the whale and then God made the fish o-pen its mouth and Jo-nah came out as safe as when he went in. Then did Jo-nah thank God for his mer-cy and I think he was read-y to o-bey when next God called. In-deed al-most at once the Lord spoke and told him to go in-to Nin-e-veh and to preach the words which should be taught him. Jo-nah a-rose and went at once: it took him three days to trav-el there. Nin-e-veh was a great cit-y and ver-y strong, but the first thing Jo-nah said when he went in was, that in for-ty days that great cit-y would be in ru-ins. The peo-ple be-lieved and were a-fraid; they made a great fast and put on clothes of sor-row just like they wore when an-y one lay dead.

The king heard of the warn-ing as he sat up-on his throne, and he for-got how great he was and did just as the peo-ple did, and said that no one must eat or drink, but

that all must pray from morn-ing un-til night. He thought that by so do-ing God would not let the cit-y fall.

And God saw how sor-ry all the peo-ple were for their sins and how much they were try-ing to be good and please Him, and His heart grew ten-der and He said that their dear cit-y should be saved.

Now, strange to say, Jo-nah was not glad when he heard that; he told God that he had been sent to warn the peo-ple, and now if his warn-ing did not come true they would no lon-ger be-lieve in him.

You see Jo-nah thought more of him-self than of what God thought best.

Then Jo-nah went out-side the cit-y walls and sat down in the sun and watched to see what would hap-pen to the cit-y, but no harm came. As Jo-nah sat there in the hot sun God made a great vine to grow o-ver him so that he would have shade; but a worm came and killed the vine, and then a hot wind blew and Jo-nah faint-ed a-way. God said, "Art thou an-gry at the vine for be-ing killed by the worm?" And Jo-nah was not ang-ry, of course, for he knew that the vine could not help it. So God said that, since Jo-nah had a gentle thought for the vine, he should feel kind-ly to-ward the great cit-y, and for the peo-ple who were try-ing to be good. I am sure af-ter that Jo-nah was glad that Nin-e-veh was spared.

THE WITCH OF EN-DOR.

We have heard so much a-bout kings, queens and princes, that now I am go-ing to tell you a-bout some of the plain peo-ple who lived when these great ones ruled in those far-off lands in the old, old days.

When Saul was king, you know he was not al-ways a good king. Some-times he for-got God and did things to please him-self. Things he knew to be wrong. God grieved o-ver this, for Saul was not all bad and, had he done as God want-ed him to do, he would al-ways have been a might-y king.

You know the boy Da-vid had been set a-side to be the king af-ter Saul, and this made the king hate the young prince. He did much to harm him; per-haps he tried to kill him, but God watched o-ver Da-vid and no real harm came to him.

Saul some-times thought that Da-vid was un-true to him and then he would drive him far a-way. At one time he had sent Da-vid a-way and he felt safe for the time, but soon some of the sol-diers told him that Da-vid had come back and was on a hill near by.

Saul took a large ar-my of men and went to drive Da-vid a-way; when he came to the hill the young prince was not there; he had gone to the des-ert and so to the des-ert went Saul with all his men. But Da-vid heard in time and he thought that he would go by night and see just how big an ar-my Saul had and all a-bout it. You know Da-vid was

ver-y brave, and he al-ways felt sure that God would keep him from harm, for he was to rule and there was work for him to do.

So one night young Da-vid asked if an-y one would go with him to Saul's camp. It was a dar-ing thing to do, but one man said that he would go, and so the two start-ed. They found the tent-ing ground and there was the king's tent with his men in a cir-cle a-round him. Ver-y soft-ly the two men crept a-mong the sleep-ing sol-diers. Those who were on guard did not see them, and so Da-vid and his friend came to Saul's tent and found him a-sleep with his spear stuck in the ground by the side of his bed.

The friend want-ed to kill the king as he lay there, but Da-vid said no; but they took the king's spear and a flask of wa-ter to prove that they had been in the tent. Then they went to a hill near by and a-woke a guard and told him how care-less a watch-er of the king he was, and show-ed him what they had brought. Saul a-woke and heard Da-vid's voice and I think that he must have felt how true a man Da-vid was to spare his life when he, Saul, was seek-ing to harm Da-vid. He spoke kind-ly to the young prince and told him that he was sor-ry he had harmed him. Then Da-vid sent the spear back to prove that he did not want to set him-self a-bove the king, and Saul blessed Da-vid and told him that in time he would do great things and would rule as God had said. But Saul could not be trust-ed and be-fore long he be-gan to trou-ble Da-vid, so that the prince thought best to seek safe-ty a-mong the Phil-is-tines; though they were foes they were kind-er than Saul. Of course Da-vid did not want to live as a foe to his own peo-ple, so he asked one of the chief men of the Phil-is-tines to give him a place of his own, and the chief gave him a cit-y

to rule o-ver and have for his home. It was a cit-y that the Phil-is-tines had sto-len from the chil-dren of Is-ra-el, so you see Da-vid was get-ting back what was once his own.

When Da-vid came to Saul's tent he found him a-sleep with his spear stuck in the ground by his side, so Da-vid took the king's spear to prove that he had been in the tent.

Now the chief thought that by giv-ing Da-vid so great a gift he had won the young prince to his side and in time of war Da-vid would fight with him. But this was not so, and

had Da-vid known what the chief meant he would rath-er have died than have ta-ken the gift.

When a new war broke out, Da-vid was in a hard place, and he did not come right out and tell the truth but kept the chief in doubt as to what side he was on.

Near the place where Saul's ar-my was came the cru-el foe, and when Saul saw the great host he was a-fraid. He did not know what to do, for God left him a-lone, in that way show-ing him how much he need-ed God and the wise words of good men.

Sam-u-el the high priest was dead and there seemed to be no one left to help Saul and show him the safe course. Now I am com-ing to the Witch of En-dor. She was an old wo-man who lived in a cave and said that she could tell what was com-ing to pass be-fore an-y one else could know. The king had nev-er thought it right to let these witch-es live and had oft-en driv-en them a-way, but now in his sore tri-al he broke his own law and went to this wo-man him-self to see if she could help him.

Poor, fool-ish Saul! God could have helped him but he had turned a-way from Him and now must go to an old witch as the on-ly one who might tell him how to act. He dared not go as the king, so he dressed in poor clothes like a beg-gar. Don't you think he might have known that if the witch real-ly *could* tell things she would have looked through the cloth-ing and known Saul? But he did not think of that and, when it was dark and still, he went to the cave. He took on-ly two men with him, for I think he felt that he was do-ing a sil-ly thing. The old witch *did* know Saul at once and told him so, and said that she feared he had on-ly come to harm her. But Saul swore an oath that no harm should touch her if she would tell him how to act.

Then the witch said that she could call an-y spir-it back from the dead to guide the king, and Saul asked that wise old Sam-u-el should come.

Then the old wo-man made be-lieve that she saw Sam-u-el; she told how he looked and what he wore. An-y one could have done that who had seen Sam-u-el, but Saul was so fool-ish that he did not think of that, but thought that the witch had brought the spir-it of Sam-u-el back. Saul bowed al-most in fear, and while he did so the witch spoke in a deep voice, just as if Sam-u-el spoke, and said: "Why hast thou brought me up?" And then the old witch went on and said that on the next day the Phil-is-tines would con-quer and kill Saul's sons.

The poor king was so a-fraid that he fell on the floor and could hard-ly get up. The witch brought food for him, and told him that she was sor-ry but that it was not her fault. Af-ter a time the king and his men went a-way, and on the mor-row it did hap-pen just as the witch said. God must have let her speak the words as a warn-ing to wick-ed Saul.

JEPH-THAH'S DAUGH-TER.

JEPH-THAH was a great sol-dier, but when his own moth-er died his fa-ther got a new wife who had sons of her own, and want ed to drive Jeph-thah a-way. At last he went, leav-ing be-hind him his on-ly daugh-ter, whom he loved ver-y much. Now af-ter he had gone some of the rob-ber bands made war on the tribes and they wished that brave Jeph-thah was with them to lead them a-gainst the foe. At last they went and found him and told him that if he would re-turn he should be the lead-er of the ar-my.

Jeph-thah thought it strange that, af-ter they had ha-ted him so much and had driv-en him from his home, they should now want to set him a-bove all oth-ers, but he thought that God meant him to do a great work, so he went and be-came the chief in the ar-my. There was a long hard war, and Jeph-thah fought brave-ly. Some-times it seemed as if God were not on their side, and at last just be-fore a bat-tle Jeph-thah said to God that, if He would let them win the day, he would give the first per-son who ran out of his home to meet him up-on his re-turn as a burnt sac-ri-fice. This meant that Jeph-thah would give the best from his own life if God would give him the vic-to-ry o-ver the foe. God *did* give him all that he asked and the tribes won the bat-tle and then start-ed home to tell the good news.

As Jeph-thah drew near his own home, who do you think came run-ning to meet him? Why, his young daugh-

ter, whom he loved so well, and whom he had not seen for so long! Then he thought of his vow to God, and his heart was sad in-deed. He told her what he had said to God and

When Jeph-thah re-turned from the bat-tle, his young daugh-ter whom he loved so well ran out to meet him.

she re-plied that he must keep his word to the good God, but she asked that she might go a-way for two months to pray and make her-self read-y to die. Jeph-thah told her

to go. Af-ter two months she came back, and her fath-er did give her as a sac-ri-fice to God. For six years did Jeph-thah lead the ar-my, win-ning many bat-tles, and then he died. I think he must have been the sad-dest sol-dier who ev-er lived.

THE STO-RY OF SAM-SON.

THERE was a man named Zo-rah, and when he was old God told him that he should have a son. And when the son was born they called him Sam-son. He was a ver-y strong, hand-some boy and his fa-ther and moth-er were ver-y proud of him. Now when he was grown he did a strange thing; in-stead of tak-ing a wife a-mong his own peo-ple he said that he would mar-ry a wo-man who was a Phil-is-tine. This was a sad thing for the old fa-ther and moth-er to hear. They could not see that God meant him to do the thing and they want-ed to keep him a-mong his own fam-ily and friends. But af-ter a time they saw that he would have his way and they went with him to see the maid whom he loved. On the way a young li-on sprang on them, and Sam-son caught him and killed him as if the li-on was but a lit-tle goat. After they had seen the girl and found her pleas-ing, Sam-son went back to see the li-on which he had kill-ed. Be-hold! there was a swarm of bees in the li-on's bod-y! Sam-son took some of the hon-ey and ate it and gave some to his fa-ther and moth-er. Af-ter a few days Sam-son made a great feast for the wo-man he was to mar-ry and at the feast Sam-son said, "I will ask you a rid-dle; if you will tell me the an-swer in sev-en days I will give you thir-ty fine li-nen gar-ments, and if you can-not guess it you must give me the same."

And this is the rid-dle which he gave.

"Out of the eat-er came forth meat. And out of the strong came forth sweet-ness."

For three days all the peo-ple tried and could not guess.

While Sam-son was on the way to see the wo-man he loved, a young li-on sprang out of the wood and Sam-son caught him and killed him as if the lion had been a goat.

Then they begged the wo-man Sam-son loved to find out the an-swer for them or they said they would burn her.

The wo-man was a-fraid and went and cried be-fore

Sam-son, and said that un-less he told her the an-swer she would not be-lieve that he loved her.

Sam-son said that he had told no one, and did not want to tell her. But she cried and seemed to feel so bad-ly that on the last day he told her the an-swer, and she went and told the peo-ple. On the sev-enth day there was an-oth-er feast and Sam-son said, "Do you know the an-swer?"

And they said, "What is sweet-er than hon-ey? And what is strong-er than a li-on?"

Then Sam-son knew that the wo-man had told; and he left her and went a-way. But la-ter he was sor-ry; per-haps he thought that he had judged her too harsh-ly so he went back and took a kid as a pres-ent to her.

But her fa-ther would not let Sam-son see her; he said that she had mar-ried an-oth-er, but that if Sam-son want-ed to, he might mar-ry a young-er sis-ter. Then was Sam-son an-gry and he burned their crops, and killed many men, and at last went to live a-mong the caves of E-tam.

The Phil-is-tines then sought to take Sam-son and kill him and three thous-and men went af-ter him. They must have felt that he was a might-y man in-deed. When they came to his cave they told him that they must bind him and take him a-way. Sam-son made them prom-ise that they would not kill him but on-ly bind and car-ry him a-way. They gave the prom-ise, and then bound him with two strong new ropes. On the way toward the camp the sol-diers laughed at Sam-son be-cause he who was so strong was now bound like a lamb and was be-ing ta-ken to be killed. All at once with one quick twist Sam-son broke the strong ropes as if they were threads! By the road lay a bone of a dead an-i-mal and be-fore the sol-diers knew what he was a-bout, Sam-son took the bone and fell up-on them

and killed a thous-and men. The rest fled and left him a-lone. When they had gone Sam-son was tired and thir-sty; but God made a spring of wa-ter to come forth from

Sam-son found a bone of a dead an-i-mal by the road side and with it killed a thous-and men.

the rocks, and af-ter drink-ing Sam-son was strong to go on. He went next to a cit-y called Ga-za, and when the peo-ple heard that he was in the place they got all the strong men to sur-round the cit-y and they said when he came out in

the morning they would kill him. But at mid-night Sam-son came to the cit-y gates and found them locked; he put his arms a-bout the great pil-lars and tore the strong gate down and car-ried it on his should-ers past all the wait-ing peo-ple, up-on a high hill, and no one went af-ter him.

Some time af-ter Sam-son loved an-oth-er woman and her name was De-li-lah. I think for all his strength and fierce-ness, Sam-son must have been ver-y ten-der with the peo-ple whom he loved for they could do an-y thing with him. Now all the Phil-is-tines were a-fraid of his aw-ful strength but they want-ed to find out how to get a-head of this strength; so the men who were watch-ing told De-li-lah that if she could find how they might pre-vail a-gainst Sam-son they would give her a large sum of mon-ey. So she plead with him to tell her how an-y one could mas-ter him. First he told her that if he were bound with green withes then he could not free him-self. So she bound him, and then called to the men who were near. But Sam-son cast the withes a-side like strings. De-li-lah was an-gry be-cause Sam-son had de-ceived her, but she did not show it and asked him a-gain. He told her if he were bound with strong new ropes he could not get a-way. So she bound him, and called to the men. They did not come in; they wait-ed each time and I think Sam-son thought it all a play. But as she called, he a-gain broke the bands and De-li-lah saw that he still had de-ceived her. A-gain she plead and, then he said that if she braid-ed his long strong hair, and nailed it to the wall with an i-ron spike, then would he be fast in-deed. She tried it, but Sam-son not only drew out the spike which held him but the beam too. De-li-lah was now ver-y an-gry and she said that un-less Sam-son told her the truth, she would not be-lieve that he loved her. So he

told her truly that his strength lay in his hair which had nev-er been cut. If his head were sha-ven he would be no strong-er than an-y oth-er man. She saw now that he was

The Phil-is-tines found Samson a-sleep with his head on De-li-lah's knee; so they shaved off his hair, which took away all his strength, and they bound him and threw him into pris-on.

speak-ing the truth, so she sent for the men to come, and they came bring-ing the mon-ey. They found Sam-son a-sleep with his head on De-li-lah's knee; she told them to

shave his head as he lay, and they did so. Sam-son a-woke and tried to rise, but his might-y strength was gone. He was dragged a-way and put in-to pris-on and his eyes were

With his arms a-round the pil-lars Samson gave a push and the walls of the house fell down and all the people and Samson were killed.

put out. But as he sat there, weak and blind in the damp pris-on, his hair be-gan to grow. God had not left him quite a-lone.

When the Phil-is-tines heard that Sam-son was weak and in pris-on they were glad and came to-geth-er and made a great feast, and they said that Sam-son must be led forth that all might see him. So a lit-tle child was sent to lead him out. This was done to shame him and to prove how weak and help-less he had grown. But no one seemed to see how poor, blind Sam-son's hair had grown. The men and wo-men who sat in the large hall made sport of him and forced him to dance and act fool-ish so that they might laugh. In the midst of it all Sam-son said to the lit-tle child who led him, "Let me feel the pil-lars of the house, that I may rest upon them." The boy led him to them and Sam-son prayed God to give him strength just once a-gain that he might kill them who had put out his eyes.

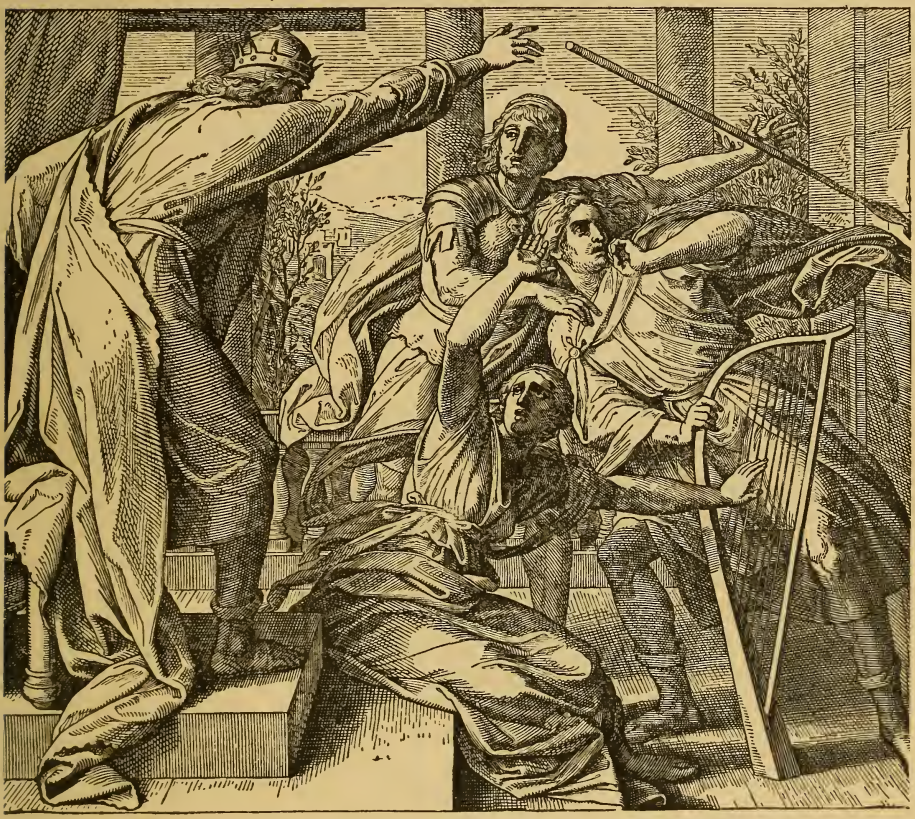
With his arms a-round the pil-lars Sam-son gave a push and lo! the walls of the house gave way and all the peo-ple with-in were killed and Sam-son with them.

THE STO-RY OF DA-VID AND JON-A-THAN.

We know a good deal a-bout the boy Da-vid as a shep-herd lad up-on his fa-ther's hills; and we know of him as a sol-dier and la-ter a good king.

We know, too, of brave Jon-a-than, Saul's son, and of how he and two oth-ers crept a-lone by night to the Phil-is-tine camp and in the end gained the bat-tle over the foe. But I want to tell you a ver-y sweet sto-ry a-bout these two boys when Da-vid first came to Saul's court dressed in his plain shep-herd dress, and on-ly a tim-id lit-tle lad. King Saul knew that Dav-id some day was to be the king, and Jon-a-than knew it too. He was such a brave young prince that we could hard-ly blame him if he had not liked Da-vid, know-ing that he in-stead of him-self was to rule af-ter Saul. But Jon-a-than loved Da-vid from the first; they were soon the dear-est friends, and like so ma-ny boys have done, they made a sa-cred vow to share all that they had. Jon-a-than gave him a robe like his own, and a sword and gir-dle, so that Da-vid no lon-ger looked like a lit-tle shep-herd but a true prince. Then King Saul, before he had grown to dis-trust Da-vid, made him a lead-er in the ar-my just like Jon-a-than, and I am sure the two young men were ver-y proud and hap-py. But as time went on, and Saul saw how the peo-ple all liked Da-vid bet-ter than him or e-ven Jon-a-than, his heart be-gan to grow hard and bit-ter. Da-vid saw this and it made him ver-y sad. He tried to please the king by play-ing sweet mu-sic for him and sing-ing the

songs he used to sing on the hills of his boy-hood's home. I think he did that to show Saul how meek his heart was, and how thank-ful he was for all the kind things which had



One day as Da-vid sang be-fore Saul the king threw a sharp knife at him, try-ing to kill him.

been done for him. One day as he sang thus, the king threw a sharp knife at him, try-ing to kill him. It did no harm to Da-vid but it made him a-fraid. Now, some-time

be-fore, Da-vid had mar-ried Saul's daugh-ter, and this was not pleas-ing to the king, for it made the young prince e-ven more like his own son, and he had ceased to love him now; he want-ed to kill him. The king then spoke to Jon-a-than and some of the sol-diers, and told them that he want-ed Da-vid to die, and per-haps he told Jon-a-than that if there were no Da-vid *he* would be the king. But Jon-a-than was a true friend, and he went to Da-vid and told him that he had bet-ter go a-way un-til Saul felt kind-er to-wards him. So Da-vid went, and Jon-a-than spoke to his fa-ther and tried to show him how wrong he had been and what a true, good man Da-vid was. King Saul at last said that he had been un-just, and then Da-vid came home to the court and felt ver-y hap-py.

Soon af-ter there was an-oth-er war and Da-vid did such brave deeds that all the peo-ple praised him, and Saul be-came an-gry be-cause they did not praise on-ly him. This time he thought that no one should know what he was a-bout to do, but that he would sure-ly kill Da-vid. So he sent a cru-el man to Da-vid's own rooms to hide and wait for Da-vid. But Mi-chal, Da-vid's wife, found out the plan and she told Da-vid; then she let him out of the win-dow in a bas-ket, and she made a fig-ure and put it in Da-vid's bed and told Saul's bad ser-vant that her hus-band was sick. The man went and told the king, and Saul said that e-ven if he was sick he must be ta-ken out of bed and be killed. The sec-ond ser-vant who went saw at once that it was on-ly a fig-ure in the bed and he ran quick-ly and told the king. Then was Saul full of rage, but you see Da-vid had had time e-nough to get a-way. He went to Sam-u-el, the old high priest, and there he was safe. Af-ter a-while Da-vid got to Jon-a-than to ask him what he thought he ought to do.

Jon-a-than was still faith-ful and lov-ing, but he could hard-ly be-lieve all that Da-vid told him a-bout the way Saul was try-ing to take his life. Then Jon-a-than said that he

Then Jon-a-than put his arms a-bout his dear friend Da-vid and wept at all the pain caused by Saul's cru-el tem-per.

would watch his fa-ther close-ly and in three days would let Da-vid know. Da-vid was to go to a cer-tain place and hide; Jon-a-than was to take a lit-tle lad and a bow and ar-

rows ; when he came near to where Da-vid lay hid he would shoot the ar-rows and tell the boy to go and get them. If Jon-a-than said : " The ar-rows are on *this* side of thee," to the boy, Da-vid was to know that all was safe. But if he said : " The ar-rows are *be-yond* thee," he was to know that there was dan-ger. True to his word, on the third day Jon-a-than went to the field with his bow and ar-rows. He shot the darts in-to the air and sent the lit-tle lad to find them : "The ar-rows are be-yond thee," he cried, and Da-vid knew that he was not safe. Then Jon-a-than sent the boy back to the court and he went to Da-vid. He put his arms a-bout his dear friend and wept at all the pain he had known be-cause of Saul's cru-el tem-per, and they made a faith-ful and ten-der vow to be true to each oth-er al-ways, and to care for each oth-er's chil-dren in all the time to come.

THE STO-RY OF MI-CAH.

NEAR to Mount E-phra-im lived a man named Mi-cah, and his moth-er had saved e-lev-en hun-dred pieces of sil-ver. She meant to leave those to Mi-cah when she died. But he found them and took them for his own use. When the moth-er found that her mon-ey was sto-len she was ver-y an-gry and said she hoped aw-ful things would come to him who was the thief. Per-haps she thought that her son had ta-ken it and want-ed to give him the chance to give it back. He was a-fraid when he heard his moth-er's words, and he said that he had ta-ken it but would give it back. Then the wo-man took part of the mon-ey and had some im-ages made to set up in her house. Now this was wrong, for if one had an im-age in the house in those days, the next step was to wor-ship it, and that was the one thing God had said they must nev-er do. Now, Mi-cah meant to serve the true God, but the tem-ple was far off, and right there in his home were those i-dols, so he be-gan to pray to them. When Mi-cah's son was old e-nough he made a priest of him. You know he real-ly could not do this, for it was on-ly the tribe of Aa-ron who were priests; be-sides a man could not make a priest just by say-ing the word. But Mi-cah for a-while thought that all was right; still I think in his heart he knew he was wrong, for when a young man of the tribe of Ju-dah stopped at his house to rest and eat, Mi-cah asked him to stay and be like a priest and fa-ther in the house. He said that he would give him a sum of mon-ey

and all his clo-thing and food if he would be the priest. The young man said that he would, so Mi-cah made an-oth-er priest, who real-ly was not a true priest at all, as you know.

But fool-ish Mi-cah said: "*Now* I know that God will do me good."

Now, the tribe of Dan was so large that they want-ed more land, and they sent out spies to see where they might get it. There were five men, and they, too, stopped at Mi-cah's house to rest on the way. When they heard that Mi-cah had a priest right in his house they begged to see him and ask him if they were go-ing to find land for their tribe. So they prayed be-fore him just as if he were a true priest, and he did tell them true as to what they were to do on their jour-ney. The spies went on to a cit-y called La-ish and there they found the peo-ple i-dle and not think-ing of tak-ing care of them-selves or their land. The spies then went back and told their tribe, and six hun-dred men joined them and went to take the help-less cit-y. On the way they had to pass Mi-cah's house, you know, and the spies told the sol-diers all about the i-dols and the priest. Then the sol-diers told the men who had been there be-fore to go in and steal the i-dols and bind the priest and bring them a-long. They said it would be bet-ter for a priest to serve all of them than just one man and his peo-ple. Mi-cah was a-way when this dread-ful thing was done, but when he came home and found how it was, he and his friends start-ed af-ter the rob-bers. When they came up to them the sol-diers asked Mi-cah what was the mat-ter; just as if they did not know. Mi-cah grew an-gry and spoke rough-ly. Then the sol-diers told him he had bet-ter go home or they would harm him. So he went back, and all his i-dols and his priest were gone.

You see he real-ly had not the true God, and yet when these false ones were ta-ken a-way, he felt as bad-ly as if God had turned from him.

The sol-diers took the cit-y and set up Mi-cah's i-dols in a tem-ple and Mi-cah's priest was their priest.

THE STO-RY OF BA-LAAM.

You know I have told you the sto-ry of the Witch of En-dor? Now, I will tell you the sto-ry of a man who lived way back in the time of Mo-ses: his name was Ba-laam and he was a kind of wiz-ard; that means a per-son who seems to do mag-ic things and sees what oth-ers can-not see. All these things came to pass when the chil-dren of Is-ra-el were on the plain near Mo-ab. They had had a bat-tle with the Mo-ab-ites and had driv-en them off. Ba-lak was the king of the Mo-ab peo-ple, and he was a-frȧid that they were all to be killed, so he sent to a place called Pe-thor, where this Ba-laam lived; he thought that if Ba-laam would come and curse these chil-dren of Is-ra-el they would not be a-ble to harm him or his peo-ple an-y more. Now the king had to send a great deal of money to Ba-laam for he would do noth-ing un-less he was well paid.

E-ven if Ba-laam had cursed the chil-dren of Is-ra-el it would not have hurt them, but God did not want an-y one to say harsh words about them, so when the king's men told Ba-laam what the king want-ed him to do, he did not feel in his heart as if he dared to do it. So he told the ser-vants to wait un-til the next day and he would think what was best to do. In his sleep that night a dream came to Ba-laam; God seemed to say: "Thou shalt not curse the peo-ple for they are my peo-ple." The next day Ba-laam told the king's men that God would not let him do this wrong thing to the chil-dren of Is-ra-el. The ser-vants went back to

King Ba-lak and told him that Ba-laam would not come with them. The men on-ly said that Ba-laam would not come, they did not say why he would not come. So the king thought that he would try him once a-gain. This time he sent prin-ces to beg him to come, and said that if he came he should be made great in the land. A-gain Ba-laam told the men to stay all night so that he might think what to do. Now, Ba-laam knew what was right; he knew that God did not want him to say wick-ed words a-bout the chil-dren of Is-ra-el, but a-bove all else Ba-laam loved rich-es and when he thought of all that the king would do for him, he grew weak. He wait-ed all night think-ing that God would come in an-oth-er dream. But God had spo-ken once and Ba-laam knew what was right, and God meant to let him act for him-self. So the next day Ba-laam told the prin-ces that he would go, and they put him on the back of a fine ass, which was a great hon-or, and they all start-ed for the king's court. But on the way a strange thing came to pass. They were go-ing over a road with fair fields on one side and a high wall on the oth-er. It was a nar-row road. All at once Ba-laam's ass stood still and would not move. Ba-laam beat him, but still he stood still, or tried to turn back. The men could see no reas-on for such an act. The road was emp-ty and no one was in sight.

Ah! there they were wrong. *They* could see no one, but the poor ass saw in the road an an-gel all bright and shin-ing, and in its hand it bore a flash-ing sword! No one could make the ass go by such a sight. And God had sent the an-gel to keep Ba-laam from do-ing wrong. A-gain Ba-laam beat the ass and the ass pressed a-gainst the stone wall, hurt-ing its mas-ter's foot. Then Ba-laam beat hard-er than ev-er. At that the poor beast fell down, and the cru-el

blows came more and more. Then did God give the ass pow-er to speak and it asked Ba-laam why he treat-ed him so bad-ly when it had al-ways been so faith-ful to him. All

All at once Ba-laam's ass stood still and would not move, for right in the way stood an an-gel all bright and shin-ing.

at once the mas-ter's eyes were made to see the an-gel in the road, and he was a-fraid and fell up-on the ground and hid his face.

Then did Ba-laam say how sor-ry he was that he had been so cru-el, and he said that he would go back if the an-gel told him to, but the an-gel said he might now go on, since he wished to so much, but to be care-ful what he said. Per-haps the an-gel thought that Ba-laam would real-ly help God more by go-ing, af-ter this strange les-son, than by stay-ing. We shall see.

When Ba-laam came to the king's place he was in great doubt. He dared not go a-gainst God's will, and he want-ed to please Ba-lak, so he tried to do both. He told the king he must have sev-en al-tars built and that sac-ri-fi-ces must be burnt on them, and that the king must wait be-fore the al-tars while *he* should go to a high place and per-haps he would be told what next to do.

And there in that high place God met Ba-laam, we know not how, but when Ba-laam told God how he had built al-tars and burnt sac-ri-fi-ces, think-ing so to please God, God saw right in-to the heart and knew the truth, and He said that He did not want such sac-ri-fi-ces. A-gain He told Ba-laam not to dare to curse Is-ra-el, and Ba-laam went back to the king, and, try as he might, he just had to say the words that God put in his heart, in-stead of his own words, which might have pleased the wick-ed king.

He said that he dared not curse those whom God had not cursed; and he said that the Jews would al-ways live a-lone, that they should be great and hap-py as long as they served the true God.

Ba-lak was ver-y an-gry when he heard all this. "What have you done?" he cried. "I told you to curse these peo-ple and you have blessed." Then the king thought of a new plan. He thought if he showed Ba-laam a few of the chil-dren of Is-ra-el who were not as brave as those Ba-laam

had seen, he might be more will-ing to curse them. So he took Ba-laam to a high place a-gain where he could stand and look down on the poor-er peo-ple. A-gain the king made sev-en al-tars, and a-gain Ba-laam went off a-lone. When he came back the king asked him what he had seen and heard. He said that God had told him to bless the chil-dren of Is-ra-el, and that they were the true, chos-en ones, and that no one could harm them un-less God gave the com-mand.

Then the king cried out beg-ging Ba-laam not to bless them or curse them, but just leave them a-lone. But this Ba-laam could not do, for God was us-ing him. He told the king all that was to hap-pen to the tribes, and Ba-lak at last drove him a-way, for he could not bear to know all that the chil-dren of Is-ra-el were to en-joy.

THE END.

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